

# THE VENERABILE

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## EDITORIAL

It is Christian to celebrate, and very Roman. Why, the word jubilee itself with its tum-ti-tum cadence should bring up remembrance of bell-rocked campanile wakening the City to yet another *fiesta*. And who of the College will ever forget the little cups of coffee and yet smaller glasses of *rosolio* that, since Shakespeare was a boy, have served to mark an occasion,—an anniversary, a welcome, or a Holiday of Obligation? Little things, you say, but for all that tiny symbols of good fellowship and light hearts, the very form and matter of a celebration. That being so (and we are coming to our point) we modestly announce that an occasion has arrived in the career of the VENERABLE. We have just completed our tenth year. Young enough, of course, but our youth explains our simple delight at celebrating. And we have at the same time come of age with this our twenty-first number, so we would like to be reminiscent over our glass, to talk of the brave generation of '22

when a Public Meeting started us, when we were blessed by the new Pontiff, Pius XI, and went to print in the newly black-shirted State of Italy. But we will save our recollections for our centenary number! Sufficient now, at the beginning of a new decade and Volume Six, to thank you for your good wishes and continual support, and to wish you in return what we wish the VENERABLE—just as long as it fulfills its main purpose of keeping you close to Alma Mater—*ad multos annos!*

G.P.

## THE INTRIGUING ALLEN

THE ROMAN Allen is a character for whom his biographers are inclined to apologise. They revel in describing the otherworld atmosphere of Douai which he both created and kept in being; they grow restless when he falls under the influence of Persons and his schemings; and they break into open lamentation when he enters the Sacred College as Spanish Philip's pensioner. William Allen educating the heroes of the English Mission is himself a most attractive hero: but Cardinal Allen has bought his red hat at the price of his supernatural ideals.

It is a modern heresy, of course, which would forbid churchmen ever to meddle in politics, and it is significant that the very writers who sigh over Allen's capitulation to the political party among English Catholics hasten to add that before his death "he dreaded and lamented the selfish and ambitious policy which in his opinion threatened to ruin the work of the Mission." This is a relief to the biographers; it means that they can lay to rest in our College Church the same man whom they admired in the beginning. But is there no more to be said for him than that he had an unfortunate lapse, mercifully repaired before his death? Should we acquiesce in this dissection of the man and reverence his memory only in parts? This picture of a repentant Allen is very nearly contemporary, but as it is mainly drawn by those who hated Persons and all his works, the question seems worth re-examination, and I shall try to show that wherever we should place the great Cardinal in those last years when he lived in the Venerabile, it is certainly not on the penitent's stool.

Allen was summoned to Rome three times during his life, the first time by Gregory XIII who wanted to know his views on the foundation of an English College in the City: the second time by Persons who needed his help to soothe ruffled spirits in the new College; the third time by Sixtus V when he thought of ecclesiastical support for the proposed Armada. By 1575 Allen had already acquired such a reputation in Rome and such an influence in England that the granting of faculties to English missionaries had been delegated to him. And now that Gregory thought of extending the work of English seminary education to the Holy City, who more fit to advise him than Allen? It is unprofitable trying to assign to Gregory, to Allen and to Owen Lewis each his exact share in the new foundation. Anyone who likes that sort of thing can compare Fitzherbert's *Life* with Person's *Memoirs* and can collate the references scattered throughout the correspondence of the time. Personally I prefer the simple statement that the Venerable boasts three illustrious men as its founders.

Allen was not only in at the birth, but he was expected to feed the new College with a steady supply of students. So his influence, although exerted from a distance, remained paramount and when trouble arose with Owen Lewis's protégé, Clenock, men naturally thought of Allen as umpire. The famous rebellion broke too quickly for him to appease the storm, and the Jesuits were installed. Despite this happy consummation from the students' point of view, the Jesuits themselves were far from enamoured of the situation, and even Person's usual self-confidence insisted that Allen must still come. "Thus you see when national dissension is once raised up, how hard it is to appease it; for which cause the more necessary is thought your speedy repaire hither." He speaks of his hopes that Allen will be able to persuade the General to send Jesuits to England and concludes: "But I hope you shal doe this and much more, whereof we shal talk more largely at our meeting."

Allen arrived in Rome in October of the same year, 1579, and wrote enthusiastically to Rheims of the good spirit he found in the College, "quanta solatia ceperit ex suis discipulis, illius seminarii alumnis, et ex beatissimo illo statu eorum tam in refectorio

quam in ecclesia." What Rome thought of his influence on the Venerabile is pithily expressed in Gregory's happy compliment; for when Allen told him "se valde desiderasse videre alumnos Stis suae semel antequam moreretur," the Pope answered "Tui sunt, Alane, non mei." As a result of this visit, the English College seemed to have reached smooth waters, and the General of the Jesuits gave way to Allen's pleadings, and allowed Campion and Persons to set out for the perils of the English Mission—what Hassall's *History of England* calls "the Jesuit invasion." Allen went home content at the prospect of Seculars and Jesuits working in harness for the good of the realm. But unfortunately it was not to be.

Persons returned from his heroic labour for souls convinced that material weapons must be used in a material world. It is not in place here to decide whether he was right or wrong. The chief interest of this change in him is that it coincided with a similar revolution in Allen himself, partly, but not entirely, owing to Person's persuasions; and so somewhere about 1582 the great educator turned politician; from this time forward he became involved in most of the political intrigues of the Guises in favour of Mary Stuart, and after her death he whole-heartedly supported the Spanish party.

The biographers exultingly point out how severely secret he kept these schemes from his students at Rheims. To quote one example among many; even if he made use of a seminary priest to take messages to Nuncios or other political personages, the priest was a mere postman who knew nothing of the contents of the letter he carried, and who, into the bargain, could be trusted not to read it. Everyone admits the fact of this sharp distinction which he drew between his own political entanglements and the purely spiritual training of his students. But the biographers should pause over the explanation. If it is that Allen felt the soiling of such entanglements and determined to keep his students unstained by them, that only emphasises his own deterioration, and means that he slipped down into the murky waters of intrigue, knowing them for murky. But if, on the other hand, his motive was the purely practical one of safeguarding the priests he sent on the Mission, so that if accused of being



conspirators it would always be falsely and so that they could have no political secrets to reveal however the rack-master might labour, then Allen's prudence tells us nothing of his own views about using political weapons to achieve a spiritual purpose. It is incredible that he should have deliberately chosen a course which his conscience condemned. Therefore I cannot regard his secrecy on all political questions with his students as dictated by anything more than expediency.

But the identification of Persons with the political school of thought tended to tar all his brethren in the Society with the same brush, and this—among other causes—led to such unrest in the Venerable, manned by students for the Secular priesthood and ruled by Jesuit superiors, that an Apostolic Visitation was necessary and Sega knocked on the College door in the name of Pope Sixtus V. His report reveals a strange *volte face* on the part of the students: only six years before they had clamoured for Fathers of the Society to replace the Secular Clenock, and now they described the Jesuit system as utterly unsuitable for the education of seculars, though they were broad-minded enough to admit the bare possibility of its suiting Jesuit scholastics.

The energetic Sixtus was not the man to leave any stone unturned that might settle such a domestic broil; besides, he was angling in deeper waters and felt he needed Allen by his side to advise him about this Armada which filled Philip's despatches. It sounded a splendid scheme, but the Papacy had learnt centuries ago to be suspicious of all princes, even when they were religious maniacs. So Allen was incontinently bidden to Rome again, although he was only recovering from a dangerous illness at Spa. Obedient as ever, he set out on the long journey and arrived in Rome on November 4th, 1585; henceforth the Venerable was to be his home.

As far as our domestic affairs were concerned, a typically Roman compromise was arranged and an English Jesuit took over the reins of government. But this was a side-line of Allen's activity. Persons and Philip—that is the right order, I think—wanted him in Rome to influence Sixtus and persuade him that the Armada was a holy war, a crusade against pestiferous heretics; and when the time came for the fleet to sail north, they

intended that Allen should be made Cardinal and proceed to Canterbury to reorganise the Church in a humbled England. The Spanish Ambassador in Rome, Olivares, wrote to his master on February 24th, 1586: "Dr. Allen has done his best with the Pope and inspired him with such a great desire for the enterprise of England . . ." The close connection between Allen's Cardinalate and the Armada is made clear beyond equivocation in a later passage from the same letter: "I have not touched upon the subject of Allen's Cardinalate, for I think it very fitting, as your Majesty says, that it should progress at the same pace as the enterprise, if this is not to be delayed . . . and as this good man suffers need, I should think it no harm if your Majesty were to grant him some assistance, which, so long as he is not Cardinal, might well be one thousand crowns, or if five hundred it would not be bad. I say so, because I think it very important to lay under an obligation this man who is the one that will have to lead the whole dance, and on whom it will chiefly depend to move the Pope to what your Majesty desires about the succession. (y mucha parte para inclinar al Papa en lo que V.Md dessea para de la sucesion)."

I do not propose to detail the lengthy, tortuous and very boring negotiations which led finally to the Red Hat for Allen, which in turn was practically the signal for Medina-Sidonia to set sail. The two remained parts of the same scheme to the end. On July 30th, 1587 Olivares reported to Philip that the Pope seemed disposed to create Allen Cardinal but "notices that nothing has been said to him about the time of executing the enterprise". Finally, as a result of the Ambassador's urgent representations of the necessity of Philip's "beginning to dispose things for the successful execution of the enterprise against England," Sixtus in Consistory on August 7th raised Allen to the purple. The new Cardinal's realisation of the facts of the situation may be gathered from his letter of acknowledgement to Philip. "I therefore prostrate at your feet return you the greatest thanks which my mind can conceive not so much for the great adornment bestowed upon my person, which (God is my witness) I have never wished for except in relation to the good of the church, your Majesty and my country, as that I desire and hope by this addi-

ion of sacred dignity to effect your just designs for my unhappy country, which, if it perish, nothing will be ever sweet to us in this dignity or in life itself."

The political Allen is far from conscious of any lowering in his spiritual temperature. He had no qualms at all about invoking the secular arm. Modern Erastians are very fond of such texts as "My kingdom is not of this world" and our Lord's command to Peter to put up his sword. Allen himself answered this second text with the words of Saint Bernard. "Quid tu denuo, usurpare gladium tentes, quem iussus es ponere in vaginam? quem tamen qui tuum negat, non satis mihi videtur attendere verbum Domini dicentis sic; Convertite gladium tuum in vaginam. Tuus ergo et ipse, tuo forsitan nutu, etsi non tua manu evaginandus; alioquin si nullo modo ad te pertineret, et is, dicentibus Apostolis, Ecce duo gladii hic: non respondisset Dominus, satis est, sed nimis est. Uterque ergo Ecclesiae, et spiritualis scilicet gladius et materialis; sed is quidem pro Ecclesia, ille vero ab Ecclesia exercendus est; ille Sacerdotis, is militis manu; sed sane ad nutum sacerdotis et iussum Imperatoris." Why, asks Allen, if Peter might never use material means, was his sentence on Ananias and Saphira ratified by a miracle? "St Paul struck blind Elmas the Magician. So did he threaten to come to his contemners in rod of discipline . . ." Nor is there any hedging about such a declaration as this: "There is no war in the world so just or honourable, be it civil or foreign, as that which is waged for religion; we say for the true, ancient, Catholic, Roman religion; which by the laws of holy Church and all Christian nations, is adjudged to be the only true worship of God." Allen had an easy *tu quoque* retort to the Elizabethan Government, when it gave discreet aid to the religious rebels of Scotland, France and the Netherlands. The invasion of England by Dutch William in 1688 has long been dubbed the "Glorious Revolution" and historians are only beginning to own that the Whigs who then invited over a foreign prince had far less exalted motives for their action than the political party among Elizabethan Catholics.

Allen himself would have disclaimed many of the excuses since offered for him. I can find no trace of shame or contrition

in his last years. He is pictured as a gentle old man, offering his protection to such Protestant travellers as Moryson, weary of the schemes of courts and busying himself with the grateful and more amiable intricacies of the Vulgate. He is said to have disapproved of Persons and the Jesuits in general, for all of which the over-quoted letter of Aggazzari and the later statements of the Appellants are taken as positive proof. Even if this were all true—and for my own part I doubt it more every day—the conclusion that Allen would willingly have wiped out his political past is completely unjustified. He was no ecclesiastical Hamlet, wringing impotent hands over having to become a man of action. He knew the political measures which alone had severed England from the Faith; he knew only too well the almighty pressure of Tudor absolutism; he saw in France and Germany and Scotland what wreckage of religion the power of princes had wrought. Today we may judge him mistaken in the remedies he chose, but we wrong him vilely if we think he ever compromised with his conscience in making that choice.

After the Armada he was still ready to do anything that offered hope for England, such as accepting the see of Malines, where he might be in closer touch with his countrymen and where—note well—he hoped “to render some service to your Majesty (Philip) for the favour you have bestowed upon him.” Does it sound like the tired scholar, glad to be free from intrigue that had always irked, to write to Paget in 1591: “Whereof (viz our common cause) you must needs give me leave to be the leader, because so it hath pleased God, his Holiness and his Majestie to accompt me, and not for my owne private but for the advancement of that service have put me in this roome. Wherby it followeth that all those that seditiously conspire my disgrace do band themselves directly and traiterously against the good of their country and against the service of the highest Princes in Christendome, by whome only we may expect succour and releefe for our so unfortunate state.” He was consistent, then, to the end. And when Sesa came to see him on his death bed, he reported to Philip afterwards how Allen had “declared that he was dying in full confidence that by means of your Majesty’s crown that kingdom would one day be reconverted to the obedience of the

Holy See. (porque moria con confiança quo por medio de la corona de V.Md avia de bolver aquel reino algun dia a reducirse a la obediencia desta Sta Sede.)”

If the great Cardinal had any regrets at that moment they could only have been that Philip had failed; but as he went to meet his Maker he was not apologising for having given Philip his support by word and pen. Nor does his epitaph upon the wall of our College Church condemn this part of his busy life, when it describes him as “perfunctus laboribus diuturnis in orthodoxa religione tuenda, sudoribus multis in seminariis ad salutem patriae instituendis, fovendis, periculis plurimis ob eccl. Rom. opere, scriptis, omni corporis et animi contentionem defensam.”

RICHARD L. SMITH

## THE PHILOSOPHER ON PINCIO

“Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.”  
(*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I, Scene 1.)

Two Old Romans were leaning over that sentiment-haunted parapet on the Pincio watching the last phase of one of those pale-strawberry and saffron sunsets. They are not such very old Romans, and so, to conceal their identity, we will call them Eheufugacides and Nonprobatophron.

It was the last evening of their too short holiday in Rome, and they were very naturally pensive. At length Nonprobatophron broke the silence:

“A lira for your thoughts, Eheufugacides, old boy.”

“They are scarcely worth a soldo,” answered the other; “but if you want them, you can have them for nothing. One little line, which has been running in my head all day, fairly sums them up:

‘*Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles.*’”

And as he spoke Catullus's sobbing scazon, throwing a soulful of emphasis on to the ‘quondam’, he made a pathetic gesture towards the dying glory in the west.

Nonprobatophron was somewhat taken aback by the unwonted passion in his friend's voice and manner, and obeying the instinct of an Englishman in presence of emotion, he at once threw himself on the defensive.

“Before I drop the tear of sensibility,” he said, “may I ask whether I am to take your remark as a confession of the hopeless

misery that clouds your wretched life, or merely as a reflection on the British climate?"

Eheufugacides was in no mood for banter, and it was with some asperity that he rejoined:

"My dear Nonprobatophron, in nothing do you betray your lack of a sound philosophy more than in your mulish inability to add a *tertium*. Are you not ashamed thus to polarize the tenderest, most sacred emotions into frigid absurdities?"

"In nothing, my dear Eheufugacides," mocked the unlaurelled one, "do you so betray the bankruptcy of your philosophy as in your failure to guide your conduct by its light. May I too appeal to the poets?"

'*Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas —*'

Go on from there!"

Eheufugacides did so, with rather a bad grace:

"—atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
subiecit pedibus—"

"Thank you, that will do. Now tell me, please, whether you consider your recent 'sacred emotion' to be quite in keeping with the laurels that I seem to see still unwithered on your thinning locks."

"And will you please tell *me*," said Eheufugacides, now, thoroughly annoyed, "by what canons of decency you can ask me at a solemn moment to confide to you the inmost thoughts of my soul, and then proceed to trample on them with your heavy-footed cynicism?"

"Forgive me, *carino*," said Nonprobatophron penitently; "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, or to be cynical. Besides, I offered you a handsome price for your thoughts . . . If you want to know why I blew into the sanctuary of your soul, it is because I too had been thinking deep and solemn thoughts in the sunset glow—thoughts truly philosophical—and was fain to improve the occasion and my own mind by communing with yours. And all I got was a bucketful of sentiment. Phew!" And he began to whistle *Back home in Tennessee*.

"Indeed! And may a poor sentimental silly have the benefit of these very superior musings of yours?" asked his companion, only half appeased.

“Most certainly. I yearn to instruct you. But I fear I shall not be able to express myself with your dramatic brevity, and already I feel the baneful breath of the *tramontana* sweep these altitudes. Let us then descend, beguiling with our discourse the Way of Wilson’s.

“It has always seemed to me”—Nonprobatophron began—“that the noblest function of philosophy (after the study of the metamorphoses of Barbara) is to liberate the soul from all unfulfilled longings after things out of reach by breaking down, as far as may be, the barriers of time and space.”

“I see. You want to stop the baby crying for the moon by bringing the moon to its bedside.”

“Precisely; but in a transcendental way. And therefore, when I hear a philosopher-baby crying for a moon that has waned (or for ‘bright suns’ that have set, if you like), I am inclined to smack him for not being a true philosopher.”

“You have every right to, but not until you have established this ‘transcendental way’ of attaining the unattainable.”

“Ha!” exclaimed Nonprobatophron with a rising note of triumph in his voice, “that is just what I seemed to myself to have achieved, meditating up there on the Pincio just now. While *you* were debauching your mind with vain and unworthy lamentations for the days that were and are no more, I was congratulating myself that I could relive those days under a purer sky, purged of their dross and debris, made more golden, more ideally perfect and ‘nearer to the heart’s desire’ by the alchemy of my philosophy.”

“Is it given to me to know this alchemy?”

“It is; for you are of age, though barely so. You are now, like Faust,

‘... zu alt, um nur zu spielen,  
Zu jung, um ohne Wunsch zu sein.’

Therefore awake, my friend, from the troubled sleep of youthful realism, and lay hold of the abiding realities of age’s idealism!”

“What in the name of reason do you mean?”

“I mean that youth seeks to apprehend reality at its concrete focus-point, the passing moment, which being indivisible never



quite tangibly *is*, but ever either has been or is about to be. Young kittens grow up and desist from the profitless chase; whereas men seldom grow up. That is why most of us wear out our lives in looking 'before and after' and pining 'for what is not'.—Please do not trouble to expose my fallacies, as I should not be able to follow the proofs if you did. I always gave in to dear old Zeno without a struggle. Formal logic, as you know, is not my forte. But I think you will see what I mean if you will have patience."

Eheufugacides threw an appealing, S.O.S. kind of look at a passing Jesuit, but was ignored.

"You yourself"—Nonprobatophron continued—"in the shackles of your minority were heard to sigh for the emancipation of age; and now that you have got it you walk solemnly up to the Pincio and proceed to yearn yourself back. It is ever so. That dream of the Cirenaics of old, the *μονόχρονος ἡδονή* the enjoyment of this present indivisible *now*, mixed with no desires or regrets or fears for what is past or to come, is either the guerdon of the blest or something so base that it is vouchsafed to the brute creation alone."

"Anyone would think I was a low species of hedonist, to hear you talk. Talking about asceticism, *you* are not exactly . . ."

"My dear young friend, I am not talking about asceticism. I am merely trying to prove to you the unreality of a realist's joys and the reality of those of an idealist."

"Come into yonder *birreria*, then, and I will refute you even as Dr Johnson refuted Berkeley."

"Such demonstrations may appeal to the vulgar mind," said Nonprobatophron severely, "but they are not admitted in the schools. I myself, you may remember, sang my *Mox quisque* minus the *laurea* because I appealed to *sensus equinus* when the gentlemen over there"—and he waved his hand in the direction of the Pantheon—"wanted Aquinas."

"I remember," said Eheufugacides; "but go on with the argument, please."

"Well, to come back to the antinomies of youth and age. If, as I believe and have just tried to point out, there is no such thing for us as an unreserved enjoyment of the moment, and consequently our pleasures must be wholly or for the most part

those of anticipation and retrospection, then, since we cannot look forward to our youth, the chief pleasure we shall derive from it will be the looking back on it. And since we cannot on this side of the grave emerge from our eld to look back on it, the chief pleasure of age for us will lie in its anticipation. And since, further, the joys of anticipation and retrospect are apt to be dulled and overshadowed by the more absorbing nature of present pains, by the frets and fevers of youth on the one hand, and the rheums and agues of age on the other; added to which youth's dream of age as glorious do-as-you-like and jam-on-both-sides time is so naïve that one cannot make it an object of rational pleasure, while the eye of age is commonly so myopic that it can hardly reach back to a true understanding of youth's ideals and fancies: for these reasons, I say, it often comes about that people grow old without ever having been young, that is to say, without ever having savoured their youth, while they remain children by never acquiring the wisdom that should grace their years: and piteous indeed is the lot of such. For the fruition of youth consists in growing old enough to prize it, and the wisdom of age in defying the years and remaining young in mind."

"All of which is very much easier said than done."

"Be quiet, please . . . Youthfulness of mind and spirit is happily independent of bodily youth, and is a positive good to be sought at all times, while the corresponding evil to be avoided is not mere age, the progress of the years which it lies not in our power to arrest, but senility. Senility is a disease—or shall I say a vice?—which is peculiarly liable to attack old people; but it is found also in the young, and I know sexagenarians who are younger in all but years than many a soured worldling of nineteen.

"This being so, it is easily seen that the time when alone it is possible to enjoy the advantages of both youth and age, of freshness and of experience, will be that at which one is least influenced by the opposite extremes of childishness and senility; and that will be some middle space of life, earlier for some, later for others, brief as winter sunshine for some, and a little longer for others, lying between the first and second childhoods."

"Would you then describe an average human life as an

allotted span of years with a silly season at either end and a lucid interval between?"

"Ah, thank you! I always say that it takes a scholastic to hit the nail on the head . . . . That, with due reservations, is a very apt statement of my conception. This lucid interval, which is in some folk hardly discernible and always too brief, it should be our aim to enter upon as early as we can and stay in as long as we can, striving if perchance we may cheat the common lot of mortals, as some chosen ones have done, and reach the grave before the latter darkness overtake us."

There were mad hoots behind and a sudden grinding of brakes, with cries of "*Attenzione*" and other less pleasing words, and the Platonist leaped for safety. The Piazza di Spagna is not the most convenient place for idealistic speculation.

"It is in this precious interval, if at all,"—he went on, after he had gained the footpath—"that the spirit throws off its swaddling-bands of time and space and tears away the veil of Becoming from the face of Being. It is then that it ceases to clutch at that inapprehensible intersection of dimensions that we call the present moment, discovering that it is but the apex as it were—half being and half not-being—of a timeless and spaceless Reality that extends pyramidwise behind it and has its base in Infinity. Into this imperishable corpus of the real the philosopher—mind that bus!—gathers a defecated and sublimated deposit of his past experience as something that his liberated soul may live with and possess for ever."

"Bravo, my Rabbi ben Ezra!"

"Yes, the Rabbi's own words are to the point here:

' For note, when evening shuts,  
A certain moment cuts  
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey... '

It was such a moment that came to me on the Pincio, separating the glory of my Roman days from the grey thereof, giving me the glory to keep and mercifully letting the grey slip back into the abyss of the impermanent. It is such moments that philosophy, if it is to be true *Lebensweisheit*, the science of life, must fix upon and try to expand, so that as much of our life as possible

may be spent with the things that truly *are*—which our master Plato called the Ideas, and which the vulgar, mistaking the word, take to be unreal fancies, while that which is replete with grey nonentity they call the real.”

“What a charming prospect you unfold to the middle-aged, my dear Nonprobatophron! Prescinding for the moment from your somewhat unconventional metaphysics and from the feasibility of your programme, I think I understand what you mean by sublimating the past; but I really cannot see how one is to sublimate one’s old age before one gets to it. And surely that is a necessary pendant in your theory?”

“Certainly; or rather perhaps not quite necessary. For should one have succeeded in disengaging even a few everlasting jewels from the ore of youth, one has already the wherewithal to purchase escape from the captivity of phenomena. However, it is both desirable and possible to complete the synthesis by drawing on the experience of old age—not one’s own, of course, but that of the race in its typical representatives. I allude to the art and literature of senility. Just as we may enlarge and enrich our youth by studying the literature of youthfulness on which our time-honoured system of education is based—our Homer, Aristotle, Horace, Milton, Edgar Wallace—and heightening thereby the characteristic qualities of a healthy youth: freshness, sincerity, the appetite for knowledge and the capacity for wonder and enthusiasm, so we may grow old vicariously and with comparative safety (given years of discretion and a good digestion) by studying the literature of decadence and disillusion—the Meleagers and Omar Khayyâms and Schopenhauers and Verlaines and Swinburnes—the ‘spirits of negation’, tainted poets of the *mal de siècle*, of mortality and of the sear and yellow leaf. There is a phase in the early life of most of us when such literature has a curious attraction, although we may heartily disagree with all it stands for. It may be an Aristotelian catharsis of some ‘perilous stuff’ within us, but it is also, I think, the period when the mind is making its sublimation of old age, correcting the over-assertions of earlier youth by a more or less exaggerated reaction. It is but a stage in the soul’s education, a sort of ‘dark night’: and after it should come the

great Enlightenment. If I may express myself in the terminology of Hegel, youth is the brave and brilliant Thesis of life, age the crabbed Antithesis, and an illuminated middle age such as I have been dreaming of, the Higher Synthesis."

"Tell me," said Eheufugacides, a little maliciously, "what do people read when they have reached this state of synthesis? Is there anything high enough for them?"

"Ah, there are just a few, a very few . . . a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Goethe . . .

'Whose thoughts are unto thy thoughts (*pace tua*) as noon-tide is to morn.'

. . . But see, we have arrived at our hotel, and the *portiere* is beaming in prospect of tomorrow's tip."

B. WRIGHTON

## BISHOP GILES' WATERCOLOURS

BISHOP Giles' watercolours must form no insignificant part of the mental picture which a man retains of his years in Rome. In the kaleidoscope of memories evoked by the word "Venerabile" confine your attention to the mere material fabric of the College. Examine the elements of that very detailed corner of your mental picture and what do you first remember? Probably, I suppose, the Cappellari—much as the Ancient Mariner could not forget the albatross. But think of the College, and the Giles pictures appear. Those careful fresh coloured sketches met your eye continually in Rome, and fixed for you during the Tramontana days of winter or the days of rain and lectures, the quiet spaces of life at the Villa when the heat haze lies over the Campagna and the sea shines in the distance.

What precisely have these pictures that gives them their appeal? On the whole as representations they are bad. "Perspective" you murmur of course. Yes, and without the excuse of convention. But they strike a chord somewhere. And there perhaps is the answer. They strike an answering chord. A really great artist can so influence you that when you see the real thing you see it through his eyes. You interpret reality in terms of his art and very nearly *Natura sequitur artem!* Study your Rome in a series of good etchings or the golden vision of a Turner and you instinctively ignore much of the modern crudity. The well-meaning but sufficiently skilled amateur works otherwise. His function is the humbler one of joggng the memory. He does not form the apprehensive faculties but in the manner of a *repetitorium* or a mnemonic he starts the machinery working and you con over the old phantasms. This much of course the photographer can do. But the artist does more. Everybody knows how the stimulation of one sense can have a quite

disproportionate effect in the imagination and on the other senses. Crush a bay-leaf in your hand you will be transported to Palazzola garden. Thus also you hear the notes of a remembered air and the scene of another day arises before your mind with every detail sharp.

It is in this way that the Giles pictures act. Not merely because they represent well known scenes—that they do with but indifferent success—but because they bear in them some spark which can start a train of thought. And their chief power lies in their admirable colour.

The new man has not been very long in Italy before he discovers that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the colour of Italy. Some astonishing sunset, some vision of unfathomable skies between the cypresses forces from him the time honoured phrase "If you saw that on a postcard you wouldn't believe it". Consult any of the worthies cited by Mr Hare and see how they revel in their purples and amethysts. Ultimately the sun is responsible and if you capture the sun and colour of Italy you have already half its charm. Now all the Giles paintings are of the time when the sun is at its best and the colours of the countryside really glow and flame.

*"Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista  
Incultique rubens pendebit sentibus uva  
Et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella."*

Take any of the numerous studies he made of Monte Porzio<sup>1</sup>. The many-coloured walls gleam in the sun under the deep shadow of the eaves, and beyond is the hazy stretch of Campagna out towards the three hillocks of Palombara, Sant'Angelo and Monte Celio, and so up to the "dim blue hills" as the song says.

He catches with unexpected subtlety the magic that the sun works on the little hill towns: and consequently the very atmosphere of summer lies over all his work. In a large folio of his paintings, many of them unfinished, is a study of Monte Compatri from the Gennaro side. The sun is low behind the hill and all the west of the town is in deep shadow. But the roofs and the church on top are all lit up by the last rays, and below

<sup>1</sup> cf. frontispiece.

on the right, Colonna and the Campagna to Gennaro are aglow with the colours of the evening. It is amazing how just that effect of sunlight can transfigure the somewhat unpleasing hamlet of Monte Compatri. Nor were his efforts confined to the fuller tones of a summer evening. In other sketches the pale gold of a Spring sun falls on wall and stream: in one sketch of unusual delicacy he has caught the freshness of a quiet evening under rainwashed skies. His skies indeed are always good. In spite of a certain sameness they have something of the depth and luminosity of the Italian sky. As though a film has been removed and the sky itself shines . . . .

This much, then, can be said for his work: that by a combination of sensitive colouring and familiar scenes—Hannibal's Camp, Monte Porzio, the Sabines, Cavo from the Squarciarelli—it recalls all that is meant by the 'Villa'. As when a regiment passes with banners and trumpets you see much more than a band of military musicians.

But there is another side to one's appreciation of Latium. A man once told me that he never heard one symphony of Beethoven without the line of the Alban Hills rising before his mind. That expresses very well a majesty that everyone has recognised but for which you will look in vain in the Giles paintings. Here is something missing which entails the loss of all the associations of centuries of history. Look from the summit of Algidus to those august hills that rise in tiers behind Palestrina to the high Apennines and you can well imagine Hannibal marching along the Latin Way at their foot to swing into the Latin Vale and ground arms under Tusculum. But compare the study of the same hills which hang in the College, and the most you can say is "Tucket: enter the army of the Carthaginians with drum." And how completely he fails to capture the sinister grandeur which the most phlegmatic have seen in Lake Albano.

Independently of his style, however, there is a historical interest for us in his pictures. "Roma Sparita" has always a melancholy interest though Rome must have disappeared more frequently than any other city in the world. Bishop Giles' Rome is all pre 1870 and consequently of another world. For example: among his work is a painting of the Temple of Minerva Medica.



Everyone who enters Rome by train sees this great circle of arches, the Roman brick sooted from the trains and the whole thing standing incongruously amid the roar of traffic in the mean streets of the Esquiline quarter. Bishop Giles painted it when it stood in a space of neglected lawn with wild grasses and thorn bushes rooted between its bricks. Near by is a little dry fountain and the Porta Maggiore is in the background—just its monstrous head of aqueducts visible above the trees. Another looks from the Lateran over an unpaved stretch of ground to where a line of trees leads to Santa Croce. Apart from the Triclinium and a few scattered houses, Santa Croce and its convent are the only buildings in sight. The Porta San Paolo is approached by a grass bordered road about the width of the present Appia Antica, shut in by walls of rubble and brick. Further afield than Rome is an unexpected study of the Castle of Celano before the earthquake had shaken it or the lake below been drained. Standing above the clear waters of the Fucino it makes a very different picture than it would today when it is given over to goats and American speaking natives, who tell you that “all this is three or four thousand year old” and grumble because the Government does not rebuild it and “give it to the boys”. There are also two views of a much smaller Aquila with the Gran Sasso doing its best to loom in the background.

Most intriguing are some score or more of unnamed and unrecognised places. There is that fine *palazzo* with a limpid piscina about three times the size of the Roman tank. In the background are the walls of Rome, below what appears to be the Tiber. But what place it is no one can say. There are frequent villages in forgotten valleys which are unrecognised even by our much travelled generation; and some surprising farmyards with broken battlements and dilapidated fountains.

But it is with these and his studies of the Castelli that we feel most at home. Despite the *contadino* with the steeple crowned hat (in a painting of San Silvestro) they are still the Italy we know—the Italy of the vine and the olive, which does not change, though the Rome of Bishop Giles be as dead as the hand that painted it.

# A SLANDERED MARTYR

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS TICHBORNE

ABOUT the time of the Beatification of one hundred and thirty-six English Martyrs in December 1929, there was discovered in the Archives a document relating to the Venerable Thomas Tichborne, one of those whose cause failed to satisfy the Devil's Advocate. This document, compiled by Father Christopher Grene, consists of rough notes as if in preparation for a short life of the martyr. Father Grene devoted many years (1666-1697) to the collection of documents, letters, pamphlets etc. about the College martyrs to such good purpose that there are extant several volumes known as Grene's *Collectanea*, containing material that might otherwise have remained in oblivion. One of these volumes is still in our Archives, the others have found their way elsewhere. The document, which we now publish for the first time, does not form part of the *Collectanea*, but is a separate holograph.

The objections to Thomas Tichborne's case were several: firstly that he had thrown in his lot with the Appellants and resisted the authority of the Archpriest; secondly that there was no proof of his constancy to the end; thirdly that when accused by the Chief Justice at his trial of having lived a lewd life, and so contracted the French disease, as it was called, he returned no answer to the charge. Fresh investigations into this martyr's case are proceeding, and we hope that before long we may see these doubts resolved and hail him as Blessed Thomas Tichborne.

## DE THOMA TICHBURNO MARTYRE Anno 16.

“Thomas Tichburnus borne in ye Diocese of London (lib: rubro) of Cath<sup>k</sup> - parents and bredd up alwaies cath<sup>k</sup> (as I suppose because libro rubro t<sup>i</sup>s not added as in others is used to be *dispensatum fuisse in irregularitate contracta ob haeresim*). being in anno 20<sup>mo</sup> aetatis, November 1587, [att his coming to Rome, *added*] it followeth that he was borne circa annum 1567.

“He is not in any Catalogue counted among ye martyrs of Doway, soe I suppose he studyed in England or els in Ewe of Normandy w<sup>ch</sup> seminary was not dissolved till 1589. (libro rubro he is putt *Logicus*).

“He was received among ye Alumni in ye Engl. Coll. att Rome 17 Novembr. 1587. juravit de more 31 July 1588. factus e sacerdos 7<sup>o</sup> Maii 1592. Missus e in Angliam 10 Martii 1595.

“How behaved himself in all the time of his being in this Colledge. [viz. yeares 7<sup>1/2</sup>, *added*] I find no particular account.

“In England he did not give full satisfaction [for some time, *added*] to ye Archprt for in ye great dissension of some of ye clergy who appealed from ye Archprt to ye sea Aplick and began a faction most scandalous, [some time, *added*] he behaved but as Fr. Persons writeth in Avvisi d’Inghil.<sup>a</sup> delli 29 Aprile 1602 himself as it were neutral as Fr. Garnet writeth (5<sup>o</sup> Maii 1602) he was contrary to yt. faction of Appellants and therefore betrayed by one of them. (so certainly was contrary at last. *added*).

“It seemes this priest Mr. Tichburne was taken prisoner once and afterw<sup>ds</sup>. escaped for I finde (in 2<sup>o</sup> catalogo ex tribus impressis simul compactis) yt Thomas Tichburnus iuvenis nobilis et Tho. Hackshot laicus occisi sunt Londini (att Tiburne *added*) 24 Aug. 1601. *for delivering* (as is noted on ye backside of ye Avvisi di 28 & 29 Aprile 1602) of a priest Tho. Tichburne out of prison.

“[He was executed in company of Mr franc. Page and Mr. Robert Watkinson. The manner of his imprisonment was thus—*cancelled.*]

“He was discovered and apprehended in ye public streets of

London by *another Priest*<sup>1</sup> of ye faction contrary to ye Archpriest, and intrinsecall friend of Watson, who afterwards confessed as appereth by severall of his lrs. written and yet extant, that the book of Watsons Quodlibetica did first persuade him to betray Mr Tichburne, and that afterwards speaking with Watson about this matter Watson approved it adding yt this was true and secure doctrine held by the chiefe of the Appellants Bagshaw Mush & Bluett, yt one may w<sup>th</sup> good conscience far pigliare e dare in mano della giustitia tutti quelli che sono della parte dell'Archprete e delli Giesuiti e con q<sup>to</sup> medesimo fundamento di falsa dottrina si presume che gli altri duoi martirizati insieme furono traditi e presi poiche li spioni che li tradivano (particolamente chi tradi Watkinsono) pretendono essere catolici e q<sup>ta</sup> dottrina va sparsa in diversi libri loro.

“De tempore quo captus e Ds. Tichburnus nihil invenio nisi quod ex Anglia scriptum invenio p<sup>o</sup> Aprilis 1602 in haec verba: *casu quodam non mediocris* hic excitata est contra Cath<sup>os</sup>. persecutio. Presbyter quidam Atkinsonus noie ex iis qui Archipresb<sup>o</sup>. reluctantur commisso in domo cujusd: nobilis feminae insigni furto, cum timeret ne pro delicto castigaretur, contempta Archipresb<sup>i</sup> auct<sup>e</sup> ad Cecilium Secretarium transiit, obtulitq. trecentos se patriae traditores Jesuitas ac Sacerdotes comprehensurum si potestas ei fieret: eaq. accepta duos statim sacerdes in plateis obvios compraehendit, tertius ex domo quadam per posticum aufugit. I conceive the 2 first<sup>2</sup> were this Tichburne and Watkinson the 3d, was likely francis Page who on Candlemasse day (as More writes) escaped when Mrs Line was taken. Perhaps (*sentence unfinished*).

“This traytor Atkinson (as f. Rich: Blunt writeth 5 Maii 1602) was yt very day twice taken by ye Constables and officers in London streetes for a rogue to be sent into flanders w<sup>th</sup> other souldiers that are now pressing in all hast, but was still discharged by ye chief justice. And now ye 3d time is apprehended by warrant from ye same Chief justice and lyeth loaded w<sup>th</sup> irons in ye dundgeon att Newgate. It is thought some of his

<sup>1</sup> Atkinsonus uti videtur de quo pag. abhinc 3<sup>a</sup> agetur.

<sup>2</sup> Soe it seemes the first two were taken a little before Candlemasse day or rather on yt very day.

companions have complained of him for letting priests goe w<sup>ch</sup> he mett and knew for mony, as I think he hath don.

“Dominica in Albis (as in the aforesaid Avisi, num<sup>o</sup>. 3) w<sup>ch</sup> was in England the eleventh of April were taken very near 40 Cath. as they went to heare masse in ye Clink (one of ye prisons). Watson was taken w<sup>th</sup> 2 other of the tumultuant priests but these three presently sett att liberty by order of ye Bishops of Canterb. and London, w<sup>th</sup> whome he had a long and secret consult. after w<sup>ch</sup> ye Bp. of London took Watson to his own house and immediatly after followed ye condemnation of the three priests Tichburn, Page, Watkinson (thus ye said Avvisi from whence I gather they were condemned *soone after* [few daies *written over*] ye eleventh of April.

“ Il giorno avanti che li dd 3 sacerdoti morissero un sacerdote francese cappellano dell’Amb<sup>re</sup> ando alla prigione a visitarli 3 condannati, e ne resto grandemente commosso di veder l’allegrezza e preparatione d’animo con che stavano aspettando la morte: la qual cosa saputa dalli Giudici chiamarono il francese e gli dettero una grande riprensione, dicendogli che q<sup>ti</sup> non erano martiri ma traditori della patria, e per q<sup>to</sup> gli proibirono che non tornasse a visitarli più. Il Cappellano rispose che li teneva invidia e che egli desiderarebbe morire per la medesima causa. (Avvisi sud<sup>i</sup>.)

“Tichburn (writeth f. Blunt 5 Maii) sayd nothing, neither at his arraynment nor at his death by reason of his weaknesse as I take it and not being wel able to heare what was sayd unto him: he was suspected before of favoring ye discontented and at his arraynm<sup>t</sup> was charged by ye chief Justice of dissolute life, and thereby to have gott the french disease, whereunto he replying nothing many condemned him in their own judgements, and much speech is of it of all sortes but howsoever it be he hath now made amends for all. (thus f. Blunt).

“Now to me t’is evident he did not favour ye Appellants tumultuous agt. ye Archprt, but rather was contrary to them since for such he was betrayed by Atkinson. And his not answering to that w<sup>ch</sup> ye chief Justice objected against him proves him not to be guilty since he was not well able to heare what was said, and was silent in ye whole time as above f. Blunt writeth.

“ Nel med<sup>o</sup> giorno avanti che morirono li detti servi di Dio, ando alla regina il Supremo Giudice Pophamo, il quale e anco delli Consiglieri di stato e grandiss<sup>o</sup> nemico di Catolici: trovo la regina molto disposta a sua volonta perche gli ringratio molto del buon zelo che mostrava e gli malediceva se a qualsivoglia di loro perdonava. Le cause di q<sup>ta</sup> fierezza nella regina scrivono essere due la prima per haver inteso da q<sup>ti</sup> preti tumultuanti essere il numero di catolici molto maggiore che lei credeva; l'altra per haver inteso che nelle gazette di Roma &c si diceva che essa voleva convertirsi, o almeno dar qualche tolleratione e lei ha voluta mostrar il contrario con q<sup>ta</sup> essecutione. (Avvisi detti). ”

L. W. JONES

## ROMANESQUES

### 15. — AS SHE IS SPOKE

THERE have been Romans *in eo ut* or *in esse ad*, bidden by their Father-in-God amass the necessary lore of a cleric in the panting heart of Rome, who on receipt of the news have nevertheless failed to contemplate the future with true Roman equanimity. They see before them unaccountable terrors; exile, foreign food and customs, the mysteries of an unknown University course crowned with dubious laurels, and—the language difficulty. 'Tis of this we would speak, for the shadow of Babel falls across the path of the Roman-to-be, and he shivers who is bound for the sunny South.

Picture him some days after the episcopal ukase has gone forth. He receives a letter from the Rector, another element of the unknown, in whose hands his fate is to lie for seven long years. He receives a letter from this distant potentate, and it is all about socks, underclothing thick and thin, doctors' certificates and what not! If he knows some Roman on holiday he gets a second letter about things he has to bring out, weird things that Rectors would blush to mention, destined it would seem for the "Props". If he knows no Roman, his post brings him another strange signature beneath a curt intimation that the writer will be wearing a fawn "mac" and carrying a copy of Punch under his left arm beneath the clock at Euston on Tuesday the seventeenth: they are to travel by Basle. The future Roman swallows convulsively, gets out his atlas and takes a ticket for the metropolis.

He meets the real Roman at Euston! The Philosopher or Divine of his experience is a sublime personage tricked out with biretta and cassock, or in walking-out clothes that are demure and decorous, Roman collar, chesterfield coat, awe inspiring trousers with no turn up, a being to salute when passing, a man liable to produce a breviary at the slightest provocation. But the man whom he meets for the first time at Euston—actually a Doctor of Philosophy with his course set straight for the D.D.—this man looks a cross between a pedlar in shoddy wares and an agent of the Soviet Union of Republics. Though, mind you, I have known Romans who could step out of a train after two day's travelling as spruce as an undertaker or a chemist or something equally professional.

Now observe this returning Roman through the eyes of his protégé. He gazes his unemotional last on a fading England; if there be any remarkable expression in his features, it will probably be a glassy determination to cross the Channel with dignity. In France he is definitely uneasy, fretful with impatience, not with regret. But once through that long, dark tunnel,

Mont Cenis, Saint Gothard or Simplon, and he is leaning half out of the carriage window to catch his first glimpse of Olio Sasso riding triumphantly on some outhouse of Italy. His lethargy slips from him. As a sleepy station rumbles past, Proton Fortifica becomes more than an advertisement: its merely reflected energy enters his psychological fibre and makes him master of every situation. From that moment until he comes to the gates of Rome itself, he is the seasoned traveller, who can exchange a word or greeting with every chance acquaintance, dive deep into



*...an agent of the Soviet Union  
of Republics ...*



the political situation with any opposite number, and command with calm assurance the army of menials who attend on the goings in and comings out of such a *pezzo grosso*. From *magari* and *altro che*, he slips into the easy authority of *Io mi ricordo quando*; the cringing petitioner of the Dieppe customs now barks out a scornful "*Niente!*", and refuses spaghetti unless it be *al burro*. *Spaghetti!* Therein he

seals his preeminence over the awkward wielder of the knife, he will be a god to the latter for ever and a day. But I am turning from the riches of vocabulary to the wealth of tables.

The train steams into the Termini and clanks impotently to a standstill. There is a rush among pestering porters, a bewildering taxi dash through a Bedlam of claxons to the Babel of the Campo di Fiori, and then the sudden silence of a palm-decked corridor and an English greeting

"How do you do; show Mr X

his room please!" And hardly has the newcomer's hand relaxed from the traditional warmth of a Roman welcome when his liberal education begins. In his first few days he is piloted to strange shops to buy the necessary things no one told him to bring, and that includes a warning of the possible embarrassments attendant on the grammatical sex of envelopes. He is advised to refer to accidents as misfortunes or disgraces or even tragedies; one name alone he may not give them, that of accidents. Awakening self-confidence leads him into the pitfalls of calling macaroni macaroni, when it is *vermicelli*, *spaghetti*, *fettucine*, anyway something different every time. His neighbour of second year beckons the servant to him and cries "*Non c'è basta qui per uno - più!*" Vice-rectorial notices bid him *camminare sulla guida*, doors bear the legend "*Chi apre, chiuda*", faltering memory tells him that a carriage is not *coraggio*,



...master of every situation.

whatever else it is. A strange linen list baulks his first attempt to send his travel stained clothes to the wash, and he can never remember which is *merenda* and which *mutande*. He is even introduced to some of those involved Italian theological curses which to the end of his days mean little or nothing to him, but which give such a veneer of idiomatic familiarity when mouthed with the correct amount of vehemence.

In our time, the practice of having an Italian or Latin day in the College no longer prevailed. But a very old Roman, now dead, assured me that it was in vogue in the '70's and was little relished by the students. In fact, the independent young men of that epoch resolved to boycott the movement and to observe a day of stern and rebellious silence. Unfortunately one of them, burdened with a conscience, thought it his duty to break out in Latin. He chose an unfortunate moment, a very hot day in summer, when the community sat sweltering under the ancient pergola (now also a tradition). One vine leaf flapped languidly at the touch of the tiniest breath of wind, when the conscientious



"Flat ventus"

one observed blandly to the assembled company "Flat ventus". Every man in the garden spoke instantly, rapidly, much to the point—but neither in Latin nor in Italian.

If Italian days were not a success, some of the Italian professors, hired to inoculate us with the Tuscan serum, had their own minor triumphs. We had one in my time—an *eminentissimo porporato* too—who after weeks of weary labour had succeeded in nothing but acquiring the expression "Cheese it!". Other generations were taught by an exponent of the Berlitz

method, who welcomed one with pantomimic gestures, made a profound bow, gave a twirl to his Garibaldian moustache and said "Baffi!". Grock would have envied his repertoire as he showed us, (*showed* mind you, there was no pointing) door, floor, ceiling, ink-pot and the like. And when it came to the category of raiment, who could have bettered the subtle compliment to our clerical character: "Collarino — cravatta — fazzoletto — veste — camicia — scusi! pantaloni."

This sort of thing started us off. But it was not thus that we learned the language: rather by a steady infiltration. In a thousand and one ways the new man inhales Italian at every



...addressing her offspring...

moment of the day. As his "cam" wends its perilous way to and from schools, written or printed Italian meets the eye of the new man and lays siege to his curiosity; advertisements, a very mine of information simplified or complicated by illustrated posters; public and political notices, beginning "Romani! Profondamente commossi e con fervida acclamazione..." Odd scraps of conversation reach him: "S'immagini" - "Per carità!". At first it is all unintelligible—we have heard of a man on his first *Whit gita* who asked wearily "How far *is* it to al Fresco?".

And impatiently he will dismiss this Italian as an unwieldy and inadequate vehicle of thought. But soon odd words detach themselves and he catches stray impressions of the topics of conversation; a weeping woman says "È spinto tranquillamente" or an irate housewife cries "Ha costato venticinque lire!" and the first yearling experiences the mental thrill of a crossword fiend. In Pincio, in Pam, with the accents of woe at church doors, with the whining persistency of a child scenting a *santino*, day and night idiomatic Italian percolates through his brain and

memory. Even in his room it reaches him, for if he happens to live on the garden side of the house the most engrossing metaphysics will occasionally be interrupted by the voice of Mrs Margarina addressing her offspring in terms of endearment not to be found in the chaste pages of Otto Sauer. All this is his real education: the budding Roman can now afford to sneer at those notoriously absent-minded gardeners who leave their pens, watches and pear trees in the most unlikely places. In place of such artificial *stimuli*, he has a friendly murder in the Cappellar' to provide a linguistic *tour de force* on the part of combatants and spectators. These are the real *ambienti*, my friends; it is only thus one learns the lingo as she is spoke.

There is the "Osservatore Romano" to tell him what *investito dal tram* means, *è giunto all'ospedale cadavere*, or *dichiarato guaribile in quindici giorni*. He knows that *ricordi* are not records, as a leading English Catholic paper once translated them. And then the Invito Sacro which encourages the rich adornment of the Altar of Repose *in modo che non sia trasformato in giardino*. Our trembling neophyte is now essaying sarebbes and fosses; greatly daring he even tries out an occasional second person plural to *contadini*. And every day his vocabulary grows. How else could it be with such a language? A party down at the Lake were once asked for cigarettes by strolling countrymen, an awkward *supplica* which they met with the silence of non-comprehension. The rustics stared incredulously at them, and



...the emotive palm...

then one raised hands to heaven in witness of the marvel: "Che gente geologica!" he breathed, and shambled off, little recking that he had taught six Angles a new phrase.

But mention of the *Invito Sacro* introduces a sadder reflection. It is read every now and then in the Refectory with a judicious blending of scrupulous correctness and a typical English reserve,



... the indicative finger ...

that forbids the reader to be too Italian in his Italian. Indeed, all through his course this proud shyness prevents the Venerabilino from talking the real *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*. He may become fluent, idiomatic, even more grammatical than the Roman himself, but he never dares to adopt (except perhaps in the common room) that true adenoidal timbre of voice, that genuine abandon of limb, which distinguish the real thing from the studied imitation. And this is a pity, when so much can be best expressed by the emotive palm, the minatory fist, the indicative finger or the nescient shoulder. In every generation of English College men, there are rare birds who throw themselves into the game, round vowels and all.

One such in my time, travelling from Naples, maintained a double conversation with a fellow student and with an Italian passenger. The Italian, to whom the finesse of courtesy is second nature, congratulated him on his excellent English!

This pleasing story reminds me of another one, not so flattering, I admit, but equally true. Two students X and Y had been discussing the servant problem, and abuse had been heaped on a certain little rascal named Aldo. "They're all had enough,"

grumbled X, "but Aldo is the perfect limit. Only this morning" he went on, working himself into a passion at the thought, "I gave it him hot and strong. 'You're all the same, you lot.' I said, 'You're all tarred with the same blinking brush!'" "How d'ye say that in Italian?" said Y nastily.

One cannot close without reference to the marvellous compound of tongues evoked by inter-Collegiate visits; when, for example, Englishmen and Germans both twist Italian to their own ends, and as brothers of the Nordic race explore the depths of the Teuton mind through the medium of a Romance language. The amalgam thus produced is something rare and strange and yet it served. Who does not remember the "Quanti Cattolici sono in Inghilterra?" neatly countered by "Questo prosciutto è molto buono." As a form of Esperanto it compares very favourably with the language peculiar to the Venerabile, a unique vocabulary, based on a foundation of English thickly encrusted with much mutilated Italian, Anglicised Latin of the schools, and fragments from the argot of every college in the British Isles. "Laddie, it repugs, I tell you; you should have respued such a *pasticcio* before they turned you out of little lads." Heaven help the philologist of the future who tries to unravel the story of "detto"—a red handkerchief.

But it is not for such utilitarian purposes that one acquires the language. Even our mistakes teach us something of the people we live among. To ask a watchmaker to put a *bicchiere* in one's watch is to learn the exquisite politeness of the race; such Italian as we can talk helps us to understand the native sympathy, courtesy, generosity of a nation that has left more mark upon Europe than the boasted Greek. We shed our insular prejudices, we learn that there are other ways of doing, other angles of vision than those to which we were born. The snob in us is exorcised, our minds enriched. Then let your Italian be *sans peur*, and never mind the *reproche*. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. The idiosyncrasies of Italian plurals, verbs and pronouns are golden keys which shall admit you into the catholic culture which has fled our shores.

## JOHN SIDGREAVES

(we thank the Editor of *Pax* for permission to print this article, the substance of which was published by the author in the May and June numbers of that magazine.)

IN THIS year of Cardinal Allen's centenary not unnaturally he is hailed in the first place as the saviour of the Faith in England by providing for a continuance of its divinely appointed guardians and propagators—the secular clergy. But that by no means ends the list of his achievements. Had it not been for his foundations at Douay and Rome and the later colleges that owed their existence to his influence at least, it is hard to see how the English regulars could have survived. Benedictines carried on their almost unbroken line, Franciscans, Dominicans, and later Carmelites restored theirs, largely in the first instance by recruits from the English colleges abroad; the English province of the Society too would have loomed less bulkily had it not exercised a certain attractive power over the students under its tutelage. Even the dim and distant Carthusians in their tiny refugee Charterhouse in Belgium, kept the line started by St Hugh from dying out, almost entirely, with help from the English College at Douay, so that upon the monastery's suppression by Joseph the Second in 1783, the college tried to claim it as their property, hoping thus to hold it over for English purposes.

If at times a not unnatural feeling of soreness may have been felt at "desertions", even though it were a case of carrying on the same active work in England, under some different banner, what excuse could there be, it may well be asked, for one shutting himself up in some foreign cloister and leaving his fellow countrymen to perish in their heresy and schism while the sheep

too went unshepherded? The answer is suggested, perhaps, by the story of one such who "deserted", gave up his chance of martyrdom and left the Venerable to spend the whole of his life in an Italian charterhouse.

John Sidgreaves was born in the year 1569, son of Christopher Sidgreaves, of Inglewhite, in Goosnargh, so that he was a native of the most Catholic corner of faithful Lancashire, the Fylde, which gave us Cardinal Allen himself. Of his childhood we know nothing; the recusants were not the kind of people to write inconvenient family histories.

He is said to have spent some time at Caius College, Cambridge, which might point to a measure of conformity on his family's part. This is quite uncertain and an entry to that effect in the *Douay Diaries* has been cancelled. However that may have been, we find him in his eighteenth year entering the English College at Rheims, whence, for political reasons, it had been temporarily transferred from Douay. The entry bears the date of October 19th, 1587, and thereafter he began his philosophical studies. Three years later, upon August 18th, 1590, he received tonsure and minor orders from the Bishop of Noyon at the Holy Cross altar in the Cathedral at Rheims. Three days after that, together with six others from the college he set out for Rome, for the Venerable. We get some idea of the difficulties and the slowness of travel, owing to the no doubt slender purses of the students, when we learn that it was not until October 9th of the same year that John Sidgreaves actually reached the Eternal City and was entered on the College books as *Joannes Sedgravius, Anglus, Cestrensis diocesis, <sup>1</sup> metaphysicus, annum agens 21m.* Next year he is given as signing the oath on March 20th then imposed on all the students of the College, of going on the English mission, which for so many was equivalent to a vow of martyrdom. He signs *Joannes Sydgravius*. And then there is the laconic sentence: *factus est Carthusianus*, he became a Carthusian. What happened?

Le Vasseur, the Carthusian chronicler, gives us a choice between two versions of the same story. He says: "After study-

<sup>1</sup> Lancashire was then in the diocese of Chester, founded indeed by Henry VIII during his schism but afterwards regularised by Cardinal Pole.



ing at the college belonging to his own nation (at Rome), when his course was finished there together with another young man of the same county and age as himself whom he had for travelling companion when he left home, he returned to England. Both were filled with zeal in preaching the gospel to their own folk. While thus engaged, his friend won the crown of martyrdom, while he, filled with fear at the sight of death, fled back to Rome." That is story number one. He goes on: "Others report things differently. They say that his schoolfellow only went back to England where preaching the orthodox faith he was crowned with martyrdom, and that Sedgravius, after his friend's departure stayed on in Rome. However it may have been, he often lamented that through his own faintheartedness he had refused the martyr's crown. But this was by divine permission in order that he might be reserved for a daily species of martyrdom . . ."

Neither story is true. As we shall see presently, John Sidgreaves did not "finish his course" at Rome; he stayed not quite a year at the Venerable. Nor did he ever return to England. None of his immediate companions who came with him from Rheims were martyred. But, was it terror at the prospect of martyrdom that drove him into the cloister? Who can tell? Evidently later on in his life his brethren had heard him lament that he had lost the chance of love's supreme sacrifice—the giving of his life for his Lord. Shall we blame if it were so? The answer is surely given in the agonized tones of Him Who comforts all that shrink from pain: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death . . . My Father if it be possible let this chalice pass from me." That John Sidgreaves was a sterling soul we cannot doubt. Sanctity demands heroic virtue, and it is clear that his contemporaries both within and without the cloister regarded him as a saint. Let this fact alone attest the opinion that, whereas Le Vasseur dismisses quite notable Carthusians, and even canonised saints, with a page or two, our hero is allowed no less than fourteen double columns in his *Ephemerides Ordinis Cartusiensis*. No; it is quite possible that later on with growth in holiness and consequently growth in contempt of self, feeling that he was nought but an unprofitable servant he may have uttered the words imputed to him: "If only I had gone to England I might

have been a martyr." But when one Carthusian chronicler makes him a pupil of the *Jesuits* at Rheims, and Morozzo tells us that he was born "at Lancashire in Scotland" and that he was an alumnus of the Scots' College in Rome, we may take their evidence for John Sidgreaves' pre-Carthusian life with a certain amount of caution.

We believe rather that we are here in contact with an early example of the instinctive turning towards monasticism of the English mind which, a little later than this, was to cause quite an exodus from the English seminaries into Benedictine monasteries of Spain and Italy. The Carthusian chronicler bears out our contention when he says of John Sidgreaves that after his arrival in Rome "he began seriously to think of entering the monastic life and from among other orders chose that of the Carthusians, for his natural bent was towards the quiet of solitude." This is quite sufficient, we submit, to explain his desertion from the missionary oath, for such a soul would be strangely out of place in the rough and tumble of a priest's life as it was then in England. He was lost to the apostolate of the word and sacraments and maybe to Tyburn, but not to England, who gained in him if not a saint at least a valiant intercessor.

Some time then in August of the year 1591, John Sidgreaves knocked at the door of the Roman charterhouse<sup>2</sup> and asked for admission to the order. He found there as prior an interesting personage, William Chisholm, sometime bishop of Dunblane, the last of the Catholic bishops of that see, who, upon the downfall of religion in Scotland, had turned Carthusian. He would have been glad to receive so promising a candidate into his house, but a town house, and moreover the residence of the Procurator General of the Order, it lacked something of external silence and solitude. Novices therefore were not received there, so it became necessary to look out for some other opening for him. Just then it happened that Dom Severus Turbulu prior of the Neapolitan charterhouse was in Rome on business and he did not need much pressing to take the postulant home with him. It may be doubted, in the light of after events, whether the young man's dreams of silence

<sup>2</sup> At S. Maria degli Angeli. It was the same community that had lived formerly at S. Croce in Gerusalemme, and had Palazzola for their villa from 1391 to 1449.

and solitude were fully realised when he reached his destination, but then what young man's holy dreams are, outside of Heaven? And the juxtaposition of stolid Lancashireman and Neapolitans was, well, asking for trouble, human nature being everywhere what it is.

The charterhouse of St Martin's above Naples was a very great establishment indeed. The sun of court favour had shone upon it from the very beginning with almost withering brilliancy, and wealth had been poured into its coffers with no niggardly hand. It housed a community of eighty souls all told of whom thirty were choir monks. But, so extensive were its possessions and rents that of that number no less than ten were employed as procurators, some of them passing their time altogether away from the monastery in distant granges. The total annual income on a pre-war calculation was half a million lire. The buildings tell the same tale of superabundant riches. Furthermore, the propinquity of the monastery to Naples was not for its peace and quiet. Here then our English postulant received the monastic habit upon the vigil of Our Lady's feast, December 7th, 1591, changing his name to that of Bernard; and the following year upon the feast itself pronounced his religious vows. The time of his ordination to the priesthood is not known to us.

In trying to trace his path to sanctity we are met at once by that notice to trespassers which we are told should be written on the cell door of every Carthusian: "*Secretum meum mihi*".<sup>3</sup> But in Dom Bernard's case was there any need to hide? We doubt it. As far as our authors let us see, the receipt for sanctity which he followed was the ancient one of seeking to perform with all possible perfection the duties of one's state of life. So we read that he became notable for his fidelity to choir where he never spared himself in sustaining the unaccompanied chant. Then—and here we seem to touch something in the nature of an *agere contra* in respect of his surroundings—he excelled in poverty and silence. He was a man of one book all his life long and his spiritual fare was well chosen for it was solid and savoury, the milk and honey of St Bernard's words.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> cf. The Golden Epistle of Abbot William, Sheed and Ward, London, 1930 p. 120.

<sup>4</sup> cf. Nova et Vetera p. 58.

So there passed some five years: a quiet incubatory period to prepare him for less quiet times that were to follow. A monk of Naples, Dom Angelus de Spenis, having been appointed prior of the Roman charterhouse took Dom Bernard with him to be sacristan there. For a lover of silence this was a double cross: the church like the house being much frequented. His stay at Rome was not very long, probably some five years, when he returned home to Naples to hold the same office of sacristan there. He did all the work himself, judging nothing too lowly for him to do in God's own house. We catch a glimpse of him at work, girt about with an ample apron, sweeping, dusting and polishing—and God knows there was enough for him to keep in order in that church—taking between whiles little sips of the Bernardine honey from the volume propped up in a convenient corner.

Le Vasseur then says: "How true is the saying that 'all that will live godly in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution,'" and then, having nearly let some domestic cat out of the bag, he is seized with a spasm of discretion and tells us little more to the point. Since he is our only authority for the period it would hardly be fair to the monks of St Martin's or to Dom Bernard in particular, to hazard too many guesses at what the trouble was. We know, otherwise, that the community was not at this moment in a very happy state; even the best bodies of men have their ups and downs, the human element always being there to assert itself from time to time. On the other hand, we think it quite likely that our Englishman had managed somehow to get on the community's nerves. Saints in the making may be very trying sometimes to their neighbours, and do not always act with perfect discretion—witness St Bernard's early austerities. Lancashire reserve with superadded an intense practice of silence may well have grated upon the feelings of light-hearted Neapolitans, while their equally intense Catholicism seems to have led them to look askance at this foreigner from the heretical north. "You heretic dog," one of them said to him upon his refusal to sign some round-robin or other that was circulating in the cloister, "I won't let this go unpunished."

So, for the sake of peace, and may we not say, by divine permission, Dom Bernard was sent off elsewhere for some time.

First of all down to Calabria where St Bruno's tomb is. His stay there was short. Thence he was moved to the house at Trisulti and at last found the solitude of his dreams. St Bartholomew's charterhouse, still happily in Carthusian possession, away up in the mountains of Latium near Frosinone, even now jealously guards its solitude, there being no carriage road thereto. The change from the noise and the agitations of Naples would seem to have been just the need of the moment for Dom Bernard's soul; he took the wings of an eagle and soared to great heights of prayer. It is now that we begin to read of supernatural happenings in connection with him, though it must be confessed that the evidence given for them is not altogether satisfactory. For instance, one day as the junior monks were passing his door, which stood ajar, they heard the sound of many voices within. So interesting an irregularity in one who was the soul of silence itself prompted one of the band to pop his head inside the door, when he was astonished to hear the voices saying quite loudly; "Father! Dom Bernard, pray for us." The father meanwhile was quietly saying his *Agenda*, the Office of the Dead, but there was no one with him. The narrator quite naturally supposes the voices to have been those of souls from Purgatory. Our modern desire to get to the bottom of things, our incredulity if you will, hardly allows to accept this as altogether satisfactory evidence. Someone who knows Southern Italy has even suggested that we must not altogether exclude the presence of an unknown ventriloquist among the novices! Again, another day when Dom Bernard had been deputed to conduct the novices on their weekly walk abroad, after a somewhat curtailed itinerary he said to them: "We must go back now as I am expected in my cell; have patience." Dom Bruno Pavonio then a novice, who tells the story, adds that looking up to the windows of Dom Bernard's cell they "saw a youth of extraordinary beauty there as if awaiting the old man's arrival." "And," he goes on, "knowing that he did not receive visitors in the house I took it for certain that it must be an angel." There would be a good deal to say about that story were we bent on a critical examination of the evidence, as, for instance how the novice came to know all that. But the point about all this is that the community had such

reverence for Dom Bernard's virtues, and his community is perhaps the most searching tribunal a man has to face here below, that it seemed to them the natural thing that he should receive visits from the other world: indeed it may well have been so.

Ten years passed swiftly by for Dom Bernard at Trisulti in these "ascensions of heart, in the place where God had set him," when he was recalled to Naples, to the house of his profession. The change can hardly have been a welcome one to him and the contrast between the calm hill land of Latium, and the bustle of a city almost painful to his soul. His stay was not long; the ascetically important question as to whether he asked to return to Trisulti or was just sent there, we are unable to answer; but there he did return "attracted maybe by the sweetness of its solitude." And there he hoped to end his life. Not so. Eight years later it began to be asked at Saint Martin's why Trisulti should have the monopoly of their saint—after all he did belong to them. Father Prior would have been glad to have Dom Bernard home as a model for the younger men of the community. So a little domestic plot was engineered to bring the old saint back again. An accomplice was found in the Father Vicar at Trisulti who was a Naples man; the medical man was roped into the scheme, and finally, Dom Bernard himself played into the plotters' hands. He collapsed at matins more than once, and though the community believed, not without reason, that the supposed "faints" were in reality raptures of some holy sort, it was set before him that at his age . . . failing health . . . better doctors in Naples . . . lovely climate, and all the rest of it—in short that he would be better at home. Dom Bernard himself pooh-poohed the whole thing and said it was the effect of the lettuce he ate at night to make him sleep! However they won, and the old man, not without tears, turned his face away from the hills "whence help had come to him" and set out for Naples.

Arrived at the monastery gates he opened his eyes wide to find the Father Prior himself waiting to receive him; he opened them wider still when the entire community appeared to welcome him home; and to their uttermost limits when all sat down to the sumptuous supper prepared for the occasion. It is to be

feared that he was little more than a death's head at the feast, for "he prepared himself a little salad with oil, salt and vinegar, and would take nothing else." What is the probable explanation of this hardly Carthusian welcome is that it was in the nature of amends for anything unbrotherly there may have been in their conduct towards him in the past. It was henceforth for Dom Bernard a mellow sunny evening after a rainy day. He had to put up with many visitors, even royalty, who came to ask his advice and blessing. He showed that he possessed the gift of prophecy; more than once handkerchiefs of his worked wondrous or instantaneous cures; there are two sworn instances of his passing bodily through a locked iron door or else, which seems the likelier explanation, of his bilocating. All the while the old father, who had regained the actual cell in which his earliest years as a monk had been passed, could find no better way of expressing his inmost feelings than by saying "*nunc coepi*", at last I am making some beginning of a religious life.

There is a simple little incident which happened at this time and which may be given here. The head procurator had racked his brains to find some food or drink that would tempt the failing appetite of the dear old father, but in vain. One day he either remembered, or heard for the first time, that those Islanders, the English, drank some stuff called beer; surely Naples must be able to furnish it, outlandish as it might be? He went down to the quays and found that an English ship had just come in. He enquired for beer. Yes, they had a stock on board. He took a demijohn of it and asked its cost. "Just bring me back the pot filled with *lachrimae Christi*", said the vendor, "and that will do." It would; the said wine being one of the costliest in Southern Italy. Triumphantly the procurator brought his expensive beer home. He gave it to the old man; he tasted it; he drank it off; he thanked the Father Procurator. Then came the question: How much? "Oh," said the procurator in an off-hand way, "not much." He believed it for the moment, but later on, learning the truth, beer was entered on the list of Dom Bernard's forbidden luxuries.

With the homely glass of British ale in Dom Bernard's hand we suddenly remember, with something of a shock, that for all

his half century of residence in Italian monasteries, he was an Englishman after all; all that time he might have been fighting the battle of faith at home, stealing from hiding hole to hiding hole tracked down like vermin, and when caught, to know the agony of rope and butcher's knife, whereas those years had been passed by him in comparative quiet and in a certain holy leisureliness. But Dom Bernard had made the great act of faith when he left the Venerabile for the charterhouse. An act of faith, a leap in the dark if you will, for penance cannot be weighed in any balance known to earth nor prayer be measured by a foot rule: the odour of the ointments a Carthusian seeks to lavish on his Master's feet is imperceptible even to himself. But he does believe most firmly that "an instant of pure love is more precious in the sight of God and more profitable to the Church than all the other good works together though it may seem that nothing were done." How many were such instants in Dom Bernard's life we must leave to the angels to count.

He had the grace of dying in harness, faithful to choir and altar to the last. It was the 18th of November, 1643 when, having said his Mass as usual but with some longer stay of devotion than ordinarily at the solemn moment of communion he "resigned himself into the infirmarian's hands declaring that he felt very ill indeed." The doctor was called at once and declared that though this sickness was serious there was no immediate danger of death. All the same, as a precaution he ordered that someone should be constantly with him in case of any sudden change for the worse. There was none and the day passed quietly by. Towards eleven o'clock at night he told his attendant that he would go to bed. He unrobed, and carefully folding his habit put it away in the press, locked its door and put the key under his pillow! Dom Bernard, we are told, ever accompanied his practice of poverty with order and cleanliness. He settled himself in bed and asked for his book. The brother brought him his breviary. "No," he said, "not that one, put it back on the shelf and give me the other." This was St Bernard's works which he opened for the last time. Having read a little of the sermons on the Canticle he closed the book and ordered the brother to return it to its place. He bade the brother go sleep saying that he would



sleep too; it was a little after eleven when the brother went into the next room. Half an hour later a laybrother who was making a round of the cloister to call the monks for matins, looked in as he passed to ask how the old father was. "I don't know," answered the other, "I haven't heard him moving this half hour past; let us go and see." They opened the door softly for fear of waking the sleeper—needless precaution now; the old man was dead.

An almost wild scene of sorrow mingled with holy joy followed. "Dom Bernard is dead!" the news flashed round the cloister; while they wept the loss of their dear old saint they felt that Heaven had gained a new citizen and that they must not grudge him to his true home. The under-pillow key was either found or betrayed by chance and a regular pillage of his wardrobe took place, everyone who could running off with some article of his clothing as a relic, many of which were afterwards the instruments of reputed miracles. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age and the fifty-second of life in religion. They buried him in the part of the cemetery reserved to priors as a mark of distinction. Three years later grave-diggers accidentally broke through into his tomb and the body was seen to be incorrupt and blood flowed freely from it. They were ordered to fill in the new grave and say no more about it for fear of causing a stir and the cry of "miracle" with consequent disturbance of the quiet of the monastery. There is no danger of that today. In the desolate showplace the charterhouse of Naples has become, there are none of his brethren to keep his memory alive. But, heaven, surely does not forget those days of sunshine and of shade passed there in prayer and penance by this refugee English Carthusian in intercession for his far-off homeland, and as the clay was tumbled in upon the habit-shrouded body of Dom Bernard Sidgreaves there was yet another

“..... corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England.”

H.C.M.

# NOVA ET VETERA

## A LETTER OF 1895

TO THOSE who know how to value the "small beer" of a past generation the letters between Venerabilini will always be interesting. We are grateful indeed to Father O'Connor for unbotling this particular sample of the nineties, written from Rome one Christmas nearly forty years ago. We give extracts which tell us much about the concerts of that period, and the trials, not unknown today, of a concert organiser. Father O'Connor accompanies the letter by the following explanatory note: "The Gi was used in correspondence as being shorter than Monsignor Giles, our beloved Rector, Giles, Gilesian, the Giles, the Heathen Giles, the Heathen. The College was referred to when greater formality became necessary as the Palazzo Giles. In our lighter moments the Rector and the Vice-rector (John Prior) were known affectionately as 'Pa and Ma.' Monsignor Prior did a *mot* very neatly once in the playroom. New Vice-rector of the Beda was reported as on the way to take up duties. Boys gravely discussed what they should call him. Prior said, 'Ma, of course.'"

December 7th, 1895

I have no intention of boring you with a long letter as I have plenty to keep me going at present. A fortnight ago Gi told us three to get ordained on the 21st. and what with the Mass, the Togni, the Boys, the songs, the glees, the Christmas concerts, the programmes, the Sunday concerts, the debates and a few other such matters—not to mention the Billot, my time has been fairly well occupied. I shall sing my first Mass on the 22nd.

The Dean has been, I think, fairly successful so far—Sunday concerts have been regular and very good—boys so keen on them that last night there was quite a row when I wouldn't have one. I must say the quality of songs etc. is very good, better than I think I can remember it—it's a great contrast to the days of "My Uncle and my Aunt" etc.

On St Catherine's we had a concert as good as any I can remember here—I didn't get it up beforehand, but just called on men after each item. It went from 6—7.30 without a hitch, or getting a bit dull—tho' the Vice-rector was rather shocked at the "Taking of Lung Tung Pen". I got the boys to give me Monday and Friday for nothing but glees and I think I've managed to drill something into their heads. I got thirteen of the best voices—offending some mortally for leaving them out—balanced them as easily as I could, and gave them a bit of parts they were to learn. You know how wildly enthusiastic the boys get for about a week—after that I spent most of my time raking them up to make them practise, taking them through their parts, and generally worrying them until they must be sick of the sight of me. Then during the practices the boys would get violent fits of giggling, and nothing could be done so of course I would get sarcastic which would rile X and there would be a row. However it's splendid practice for when I start a choir on the Mission. I find that the only thing is to swear at the boys and then they will do something. I'm hoping the Xmas "festivities" will go fairly well. H.H. has taken your place in "Shepherd's", "Mikado", and "Sweet and Low", which latter I think a great success. The music room is a godsend, and I think the Gi has at last given in to my request for a hanging lamp—after refusing point-blank a couple of times. The Vice-rector gave me a useful wrinkle for the Gi—if he refuses anything, wait a bit and go again and you will get it—infallible. The Debating Club you will have heard all about from Fleming—it's a great success and lives well.

Before I forget it, Lindsay, (who is ordained) says that if you have not been able to make out his cryptogram, you are not likely to in this world, and so had better write to him as per promise. Placid also sends love. Do you remember the dalmatic strings we unearthed last term? I wore them the first time I did Deacon, Gi grumbling but giving no order. Today—Immaculate Conception—I wore them again, but Gi at the top of his voice in the sacristy told the sacristan not to put out those "beastly things" again, so after their short reappearance they will again return to oblivion. I feel glad however that I wore them on their only two appearances—*sic transit!*

You ought to be here to see the Cortile. Ever since we have been back, hundreds of men have been engaged on it. They have dug up miles of drains which form a complicated network under it, and have discovered a cesspool in one corner, which they pump out all night. The smell is stupendous, and the noise all night of pumping, mingled with cartloads of bricks being shot there, are most conducive to sleep, while during the day, of course, it affords endless amusement to the boys. I am sending along a Prize catalogue. Comment is useless.

New boys on the whole very decent lot—best for many years all round.

Our gallery possesses two violins, one mandolin, one guitar, two piccolos, Mahoney and the music room at the end with H.H. playing scales. The man who plays the 'cello left it in England. Gi has finally retired from the stand, the Vice-rector is following in his footsteps. Programmes this year are real works of art, so much so that I'm afraid the names etc. will have to be written on the back.

Billot tells me to heap every word of abuse on your head: 1) for not taking your degree, 2) for not saying goodbye to him before you left. I did *not* go in for my exam again.

Had a jolly gita with the Gov. on lakes and in Switzerland—very little walking as boats and steamers were so convenient. Exposed 54 plates and got 51 good pictures—some day I intend sending you a print of Rosmini's tomb at Stresa by Vela—I think the best I have ever taken. That day at Stresa I managed to break or lose five pairs of glasses in the course of two hours, beginning by diving off the boat with a pair on, which however stuck on my nose, until the Gov. dropped his tripod overboard, and in the excitement of diving for it, (I caught it about a 100 ft. down I should think)—they went. The gita set me up for the year.

Hope you can make this out but have really no time. Lots more to say—forgotten it all. Write a line—will send a Mass card.

Love from boys,  
Ever of thee,  
N.N.

p.s. I think this is what Lindsay calls a "characteristic epistle" when I write to him. N.N.

## LIBER RUBER

Our archaeologist Mr W. Kelly, (whom we take this opportunity of thanking for his interesting Notes of the last two years) gives us the following note about important work in which he has employed himself this year:

“The Liber Ruber has been photographically reproduced by the ‘photostat’ process. The photos have been bound into three volumes. Two volumes contain the roll of students who took the college oath from 1579 till 1783, and the third contains the annual Letters concerning the Venerabile, Cardinal Sega’s report, the constitutions and miscellaneous documents such as the Students’ Petition of 1587, the record of votes in Consistory for Cardinal Pole and Bellarmine’s answer concerning attendance at Protestant churches.

“All the photographic work was done at the Jesuit Curia by a Spanish lay brother,—an expert in these matters. He was helped by Mr G. Sweeney and several other willing Venerabilini. The taking, developing and binding of some five hundred photographs was very hard work. We are therefore very grateful indeed to Brother Oteiza and to Father Welsby who arranged everything for us. Brother Oteiza also lent us a splendid camera. We made a dark room, fitted it up as far as we could (after much Campo searching) and our own Chief Photographer did splendid work in reproducing photostat copies of “*Scrittura*” Manuscripts. These manuscripts are autobiographies in little, ---being answers to questions put to the students by the authorities. The questions concern family, education, spiritual life and such like things and of course provide us with valuable historical data. These and the Liber Ruber are being prepared for publication under the direction of the Vice-rector.

“Written copies of many of our best manuscripts exist in the Public Records Office in London, but they are often unreliable. We hope therefore that the Venerabile men themselves will be able to reproduce and publish the Archive’s treasures accurately and scientifically. The constant enquiries that we have from students of the history of the English Martyrs show that such work would be widely appreciated.”

## REFECTORY CEILING DISASTER

At 2 a.m. in the morning of April 13th last, the sound of a heavy crash was heard by some of the people sleeping in the refectory zone. Before meditation one or two of the less sleepy

of us observed the Rector and Vice-rector walking slowly along to meditation, talking very seriously. Then when we went into breakfast we found that the cherub in the middle of the ceiling, who has sniggered along to his counterpart over the Superiors' table for more than two hundred years, would snigger no more. Old Venerabilini will never again see the angelic companion of their youthful trencherwork. In the form of about twelve feet square of plaster he had smashed the top middle table and been shovelled away while men slept or prayed.

Fortunately only the plaster and not the actual roof-fabric had fallen. It had lasted since Gradwell's time—he had found it delapidated and had restored it.<sup>1</sup>

A large crack appeared next, over the Superiors' table so they soon abandoned that position for their ordinary overflow table. First and second year had to sit for two months at the tables round the walls. For any position in the middle of the refectory was pronounced unsafe. Thus was attained a temporary solution of the "old, familiar faces" problem occasioned by the stolid refectory-companionship system. First and second year sat with sixth and seventh year for two sober study months. Nor is it likely to occur again, *putroppo*.

Before long, men were called in to restore the entire ceiling. Scaffolding was put up and the gap filled in. Then came the painting of a new cherub. The predecessor was the work of the painter of the rest of the ceiling and of the Sodality Chapel too,—the Jesuit, Brother Pozzi, known to the world as the painter of the roof of S. Ignazio. We were regaled first with a painfully bonny babe, which we watched grow, meal after meal, from skeleton outline to ugly tubbiness. Then, since no more was done to it, angelage must have been reached. Being black, it would have done as a touching appeal for those young people we bought and named for half a crown in our childhood days. The more so as, like Gunga Din,

"The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before  
And rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind."

<sup>1</sup> "A refectory wainscoted in polished walnut, and above that, painted, by the same hand (Pozzi), with St George and the Dragon, ready to drop on to the floor from the groined ceiling." Wiseman: *Recollections of the Last Four Popes*.

Various people expressed opinions as to the relative artistic merits of its author and themselves, and the popular verdict was gloriously vindicated when one day we found the whole thing wiped off—by the orders we supposed, of the artist's irate foreman, if, indeed, artists have such banal things.

Cherub number two soon appeared, a decidedly more aery little boy who met with the full approval of those of the house who had time to strain up at him, when not distracted by the Reader-in-the-Box. All this time little white blobs starred the ceiling. These were the holes—soon painted over—by which liquid cement had been pumped in to strengthen any weak parts of the plaster—the usual method, we are told.

Then at last the scaffolding was taken down; and a few weeks before we left for the Villa, we had once again, just in time to discuss our examinations, what we are now resigned to braving out for the rest of our course—"the old, familiar faces".

## A CLUB AFFAIR

Mr Park of Old Swan thought of it. To advertise in *The Times* for unwanted Golf clubs for an English college abroad. The response was as generous as Mr Park was thoughtful; he selected ninety of the best, and with a cricket bat to keep them warm, dispatched them by sea to Rome. They arrived safely, were not sawn in half in search of contraband as were the baseball bats of our friends at the American College, and after a skirmish about import duty in which the College lawyer came off best, were handled with joy by forty grateful members of the Palazzola Golf Club. We thank Mr Park and our unknown benefactors.

## JULIAN WATTS-RUSSELL

The article on Julian Watts-Russell published in our last number aroused considerable interest; and we are glad to give the following note kindly sent to us by Dr B.V. Miller:

"May I add a postscript to your article on Julian Watts-Russell? If he is, though almost, not quite forgotten, much of

the credit belongs to the late Monsignor Claude Lindsay, who lived for some years, in the nineties, at San Silvestro. On reading Julian's life he became fired with an enthusiastic devotion to him. Going out to Mentana he rummaged about until he found the broken monument in the cellar of an *osteria*, and then, largely at his own expense, he had it set up in the College church. This was, I think, in '95, but the exact date is, I fancy, inscribed on the new base. But he was not satisfied with this.

"He became obsessed with the idea that the body of Julian "saint and martyr" would be found incorrupt, and so he set about getting leave to have the grave re-opened. This was not easy, and while he waited and fretted his impatient enthusiasm, growing hotter every day, sometimes, it must be acknowledged, became a trial to those of us who enjoyed his friendship.

"At last all difficulties were overcome. Very early one morning in the presence of an English and an Italian doctor, government officials and a representative of the Cardinal Vicar, Julian's grave in San Lorenzo was opened. Even the more stolid of us had become excited and eagerly awaited news. Alas, nothing was found but some crumbling bones, some tunic buttons and perished shreds of cloth.

"Poor Lindsay's enthusiasm went flop; he never spoke again of Julian Watts-Russell and went back to the intensive study of his beloved catacombs. But he had done the one thing worth doing, rescued the monument and, with it, the young hero's memory from ungrateful oblivion."

## WHY ST EDWARD?

Well, why not? But since our villa patron has found a handsome niche for his new statue in the cortile of the reconstructed wing, the curious have been asking how it was that the English villa became dedicated to St Edward, and when the dedication took place. Was it during the Jesuits' rule or afterwards? Frankly, we do not know, and a superficial search in the archives during July revealed nothing.

Cardinal Wiseman speaks of St Edward in his "Recollections" but the word is a printer's mistake for St Edmund. But at least



we can be fairly certain that St Edward's patronage goes back to the Wiseman age, for Johnson in his famous diary, speaks of the celebrations on that day as a well established tradition. He says on October 13th, 1852:

"Feast of St Edward, the College Patron. Heard two low masses. Went out before dinner with George, Hammond, and Hawsworth, we just returned in time for the dinner. The Village Mayor and the corporation together with the priests and the superiors of the various Colleges were invited. Lord Clifford was the chief guest. There were about ten servants, and we had 10 dishes, and 3 wines. Had a personal address from Lord Clifford, and Monseigneur Talbot. No study after the Ave. Caffé in the garden."

And for 1853:

"Glorious feast of St Edward, patron of our College at Porzio. I got up early with O'Brien, Bennett and Hammond, to take a long walk and bathe before dinner. We got up at 5 o'clock, Morris said an early Mass for us, went all round Albano lake. I met my friends in the last camerata of Propagandists at Castel Gandolpho, met Bodley going to our College; we bathed at the shallow place, I enjoyed it very much, we got home an hour before dinner . . . . Lord Clifford, Scotch Grant, Sir James Fitz Gerald, were the chief guests. The dinner was not as good as last year. I had a long talk with Lord Clifford after dinner, he addressed himself to me the whole time, he told me a most abominable story to show that Napoleon's going frequently to communion did not make him a saint, as I had hinted."

And for 1854 (an *annus mirabilis* for there appear to have been two dinners):

"*Friday.* Feast of St Edward, the dinner deferred till Thursday next as it is an abstinence day, two masses. Capital dinner, caffè and rosolio. Played Boston and vingt-et-un, lost 19½ baiocchi; Graham very much out with me because I would not sing Tenor with him in Terziani's mass or rather Polymante's. Very wet day.

*Thursday.* The dinner for St Edward's kept. Went to communion. Went out after breakfast with Graham, Bamber, and Windyre by Rufinella, great sport on the way with former.



*(Photograph by Dr. Radderham)*

ST EDWARD'S CORTILE

Lost my vine-stick on a pine-tree. Met Dr Grant on the way back. Lord Clifford did not come. Dinner at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Oiled the weather-cock. Took siesta at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ."

Much more recent but quite as interesting, is the following:

## PROGRAMME OF ST EDWARD'S DAY MUSIC

COMUNE DI MONTE PORZIO CATONE

### PROGRAMMA

dei Pezzi Musicali che il Concerto Municipale  
suonerà sulla Piazza di Porzio Catone nel giorno  
di Martedì 13 Ottobre dalle ore 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  alle - (1892)

1. NUTI . . . . Marcia Militare.
2. ROSSINI . . . . Sinfonia Assedio di Corinto.
3. SIBILLA . . . . Riconoscenza.  
Mazurcha
4. ROSSINI . . . . Il Barbiere di Siviglia.
5. VERDI . . . . Sinfonia Nabucco.
6. POLACCO . . . . Valzer.

Father O'Connor who sent us the original of this programme (an elegant little thing printed in gold, with the arms of Porzio riding triumphantly over lyre and horn and clarionet) writes: "It was played during the St Edward's dinner and under the verandah of that ancient house at Monte Porzio, described by poor old Mark Habell as a cross between a Catacombs and a rabbit-warren. Polacco, whose Valzer comes last among the *spartiti*, was the bandmaster and the Giammaria boy-blacksmith played the clarionet solo which figured prominently in said Valzer. It rained all that blessed day and we had some difficulty in shaking the feast into its place so as to leave room for supper."

**ST BERNARD**

In view of the article on John Sidgreaves, in whose saintly life the author points to the marked influence of St Bernard's writings, it is worth being reminded that we still possess a copy (volume two) of St Bernard's works which was in use in the Library during John Sidgreave's time as a student at the College (1590-1591). It was printed at Venice "ad signum Spei" in 1549, and once belonged to our martyr Blessed Robert Morton (1587). His name is written on the title page, in his own hand, and underneath his signature he has written "Collegii Anglicani ex dono Roberti Mortoni".

## SOME MEMORIALS OF ST THOMAS OF CANTERBURY IN ITALY

IN A VERY short time after his death the fame of "the holy-blistful martir" had spread far and wide, so as to exceed that of any other British saint. His shrine at Canterbury was one of the richest and most renowned in christendom. Abroad, churches and altars were soon dedicated in his honour, frescoes of him were painted, and his relics sought, so that hardly a country in Europe was without some memorial of him. In Italy his exiled relatives must have helped to spread devotion to him in such places as Sicily, Verona and Fabriano. Nor was the great primate personally unknown there, for he had visited Rome with his immediate predecessor, Archbishop Theobald, and according to some, during his exile dwelt sometime at Rome and taught philosophy and rhetoric in the Schola Graecorum at Santa Maria in Cosmedin.<sup>1</sup>

Rome has a remarkable knack of preserving where others destroy, and since the desecration of St Thomas' shrine at Canterbury, she may boast of possessing the best relics of him. Every English pilgrim entering St Mary Major's learns that the basilica contains something of special interest to him as an

<sup>1</sup> "Ye Solace of Pilgrimes" by John Capgrave. Ed. C. A. Mills. Oxford Univ. Press 1911 p. 167. "an in this church as we fynd writyn taute seynt thomas of cauntirbyrby philosophie and rhetorik to them that wold come. For he was exile VII yere and in his exile dwelled sumpart at Rome."

Englishman; and, probably not without a little difficulty, he will succeed in prevailing upon the *custode* to climb up and bring down the relics of St Thomas from the large cupboard protected by a *cancello* in the chapel of the Crucifix in the right aisle. He will find out more or less accurately what they are, but will depart knowing little else about them. How did these relics find their way to Rome? What is known about them?

Alexander III sent Cardinals Albert of the title of St Lawrence in Lucina and Theodwine of the title of St Vitalis to examine Henry II concerning the murder of St Thomas (Dec. 29th, 1170), instructing them also to inquire into the miracles wrought through the saint's intercession.<sup>2</sup> They soon accomplished their task and the Pope immediately proceeded to the canonisation, which took place at Segni on the Feast of the Purification in 1173.<sup>3</sup> At this point Baronius helps us to answer our questions. He says: "Now when the Legates returned, they brought to the city memorials of the new martyr, namely his brain which had been strewn on the floor of the church, and his tunic stained with blood, and these are religiously kept to this day in the basilica of St Mary Major's."<sup>4</sup> Besides the two relics, however, there are, as we shall see, others of St Thomas kept with them. Presumably the legates brought these also, but we have not been successful in determining this for certain.

The relics are contained together with others of St Jerome in a handsome brass urn, gilt and decorated with silver figures and ornaments, the sides being of glass. The tunic is folded up inside with what are apparently the blood stains still visible, and on the bottom of the urn are two small cases, one bears the name of St Thomas (we were unable to see if there were any other inscription on it), the other of glass, has written on it: "De

<sup>2</sup> Baronius. *Annales* XII, 655.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 659. Also a tablet in the Cathedral there records the event. It reads: "Memoriae aeternae NB. Thomae Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, quem Episcopis ex omni campania et Abbatib. Signiam accitis. Alexander III Pont. Max. ipso die Purificationis B. Mariae, Divor. in numerum retulit et eorum in albo scribi iussit." Though Morris (*Life* 1885, p. 466) gives the date of Canonisation as Ash Wednesday February 21st, 1173. The Bull of Canonisation "Redolet Anglia" is dated March 12th, 1173.

<sup>4</sup> Baronius XII. 655.

cerebro, brachio, cilicio et cuculla Sti. Thomae. Archiep. Cantuariensis.”

We visited the Archivium Liberianum<sup>5</sup> and found there the document of authenticity. It bears the date 21st February, 1859, and the name of the then Cardinal Vicar, Constantius Patrizi, who authenticated sacred portions of the brain, arm, hair-shirt and tunic with blood of St Thomas. The *cuculla* or cowl is not mentioned.

Earlier lists and references show that St Thomas' relics were not kept with St Jerome's but apparently in two separate reliquaries. Thus one list of relics kept at St Mary Major's, in writing and seemingly belonging to the 18th century, says under number 4: “La tornacella con la quale Sto. Tommaso arcivescovo di Cantuaria celebrava quando fu amazzato sparsa del sangue suo”, and under number 5: “del braccio del sangue cilicio Cappuccio e altre reliquie del medesimo Sto. Tommaso”. The different numbers indicate different reliquaries. Another reference may be found in a 17th century writer, who describes a reliquary in which the arm of St Thomas was kept<sup>6</sup>, in a silver urn with a silver hand, having a jewelled ornament (“monile cum aliquibus lapidibus pretiosis”) on one side, while on the other are letters indicating the relics contained therein, the base being also of silver and bearing letters saying, “the arm of St Thomas Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury”. This beautiful and precious reliquary does not seem to be known nowadays, and it would appear that at some later date, perhaps when the present document of authenticity was written, all the relics of St Thomas kept at St Mary Major's were placed in the reliquary which now contains them.

The earliest reference we have found to St Thomas' relics at St Mary Major's is by John Capgrave, Austin Friar, who about 1450 wrote the very careful and interesting description of Rome, referred to in a footnote above. He tells us that St Mary Major's possesses “the arme of seynt thomas of cauntibyry and of his

<sup>5</sup> Our thanks are due to Monsignor Reale for permission to consult the Archivium and for his help.

<sup>6</sup> Basilicæ S. Mariæ Maioris Descriptio et Delineatio, de Angelis. Romæ 1621. p. 110.

vestment.”<sup>7</sup> Our own *Liber Ruber* says that by command of Gregory XIII a piece of the forearm of St Thomas was given by St Mary Major’s to the College church.<sup>8</sup> It would be interesting to know the subsequent history of this relic and whether, it survived the troubled years 1798-1818. We need information about this and about the relics of St Thomas which the College at present possesses.

It seems that the chapter of St Mary Major’s so value their treasure as to refuse to part with any appreciable part of it, except at the express command of the Holy Father, as when they gave a portion of the arm to the Venerable. For another request was made for a share in their relics by the Archbishop of Palermo. The negative reply of the Chapter of the Basilica is contained in the *Archivium Liberianum*. It is the model of a polite refusal:

“When the respected letter of Your most illustrious Lordship dated the 12th of the last month of June was read in the Chapter of our most holy Basilica of St Mary Major’s, representing to us the pious and fervent desire of the Venerable Chapter of your distinguished Cathedral to obtain some portion of the sacred relics of the glorious St Thomas of Canterbury, kept by us with ever increasing care, there was not one of us, who did not welcome it with the high praise due to the piety and zeal not less of the same most reverend Chapter than of Your most illustrious Lordship, who has so energetically undertaken to mediate. Nevertheless, considering the preciousness and rarity of the triumphal trophies, which to the honour of the unconquered champion of the church and of its holy immunity were by Divine Providence placed in the Treasury of our Basilica, each one of us considered that he should be scrupulous in consenting to even the least diminution

<sup>7</sup> “Ye Solace of Pilgrimes” p. 85.

<sup>8</sup> The entry is as follows: “Anno Domini MDLXXX. Mense Aprilis imo Martij die 22a iussu et auctoritate Sumi. Pontificis Gregorij XIII. ex reliquijs Ecclesiae Ste. Mariae Maioris R.P'r. Alfonsius Agazarius Rector huius collegij Anglorum accepit pro ecclesia Smae. Trinitatis et Sti. Thomae Archepi et Martyris huic collegio coniuncta partem cumbiti seu brachij eiusdem Sti. Thomae Archiepi Cantuariensis quam eidem rectori ex commissione et mandato S.Stis. in sacristia antedictae Ecclesiae Stae Mariae Maioris tradiderunt Rmus. D. Camillus Borghesius Vicarius eiusdem Ecclesiae et R. D. Frances. Cecchinus Canonicus eiusdem ecclesiae et Cappellanus suae Stis R. D. Andreas Cyprianus Canonicus et Camerlingus dictae Ecclesiae quas reliquias digna cum veneratione in hac nostra Ecclesia eodem die reposuimus.”



of them, not less than if it were a question of parting with the whole or part of a jewel of priceless value, which adorns the crown of the Queen of Heaven. With this thought we flatter ourselves that the high understanding of Your most illustrious Lordship will be contented with the resolution taken in our Chapter, which has been, that without an express command from His Holiness we neither ought to nor can effect so important a transfer, which moreover by its example would open the road to others."

It is not surprising that there should have been devotion to St Thomas in Palermo, for we learn from a life of St Thomas, translated from the French and published by Giovanni Battista Cola at Lucca in 1696, that in Sacca in Sicily there were some people by the name of Becchetti claiming descent from St Thomas's exiled relatives, who had been kindly received and cared for by Margaret, Queen of Sicily.<sup>9</sup> Moreover William the Good in 1177 married Joan, daughter of Henry II of England. William built the cathedral of Monreale near Palermo in 1167, and among its beautiful mosaics is one of St Thomas. It is the oldest known representation of him, and belongs to a date a few years after his death.

The interesting letter we translated above is unfortunately not dated, but probably dates from the late 17th century. Thus it is an indication that devotion to St Thomas in Sicily was not a nine days' wonder. We do not know whether he is still honoured there, but he is today invoked in Lucca in Tuscany, where a remarkable relic of him is preserved in the church of S. Maria Cortelandini (also called Nera) one of the few baroque churches in that unspoilt city. The church is served by the Clerks Regular of the Mother of God, who founded the College of Propaganda and who have charge of the church of S. Maria in Campitelli in Rome. The story of the relic is bound up with that of Thomas Euster, an Englishman and a Londoner like St Thomas. He took the habit of the Congregation on April 8th, 1680, and we are told, despite his knowledge of Latin became a

<sup>9</sup> Baronius XII, 514.

lay-brother, deeming himself unworthy of the priesthood. He led the life of a saint and died holily on his knees in January 1713. Dom Bede Camm gives the story in his *Pilgrim Paths in Latin Lands* and the following is taken from his translation of the Italian life of Brother Thomas, which was copied out for us by a member of the congregation as soon as he saw we were interested:

“Brother Thomas had a particular devotion to St Thomas the Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury. He manifested this most strikingly in many ways, and he propagated the *cultus* of his patron in many cities, for instance in Rome, Naples, San Miniato and elsewhere. He taught people a devotion which consisted in special prayer in honour of the saint for the conversion of heretics and unbelievers but especially for those in England. This zeal of his was manifested in a very special manner at Lucca where he not only introduced so salutary a devotion in private houses but worked hard to have the feast of St Thomas celebrated with great solemnity every year in our church. This solemn feast excited the warm interest of the citizens of Lucca, who also contributed to its expenses with generous alms. Through these voluntary offerings the feast became an established fact; first celebrated about 1690, it has continued down to our own day . . . . The Mass and the Vespers of the holy Martyr are sung with solemn music, the church is adorned with magnificent hangings and decorations, a panegyric of the Saint is preached, . . . and there is a great concourse of people all desirous to kiss the relic of the holy Archbishop, which is exposed to public veneration. This relic consists of a notable part of the Saint’s hair-shirt, about the size of a palm,<sup>10</sup> a relic venerable because it was worn continually by the mortified prelate; doubly so, perhaps, because it is said that, when worn out by use, it was repaired by Our Lady, who lent her aid to the Saint while he was vainly trying with unaccustomed hands to mend this robe of penance.

“The Canons Regular of the Abbey of St Victor at Paris (to whom St Thomas himself had given his hair-shirt during his last

<sup>10</sup> “palmo” - 25 cms.

stay with them) had indeed reason to boast of the possession of so rare a relic, and guard their treasure with jealous watchfulness. Nevertheless, they were induced by the representations made to them in the year 1697, by His Excellency the Gonfaloniere and the Secretaries of the Most Serene Republic of Lucca, and by the humble prayers of our fathers, to consent to bestow a portion of the relic on the church of S. Maria Cortelandini in the city of Lucca . . . .

“When the institution of the feast of St Thomas was first mooted, one of our fathers who did not like the idea of such a new departure took certain steps to frustrate it. But one night, be it in a dream or in a vision, he saw the Saint threatening him if he should dare to oppose what was to be done in his honour, and so he gave up troubling Brother Thomas for the future.”

The relic of the hair-shirt at Lucca is woven like a net, being a mesh of about one and a quarter inches and very knotty—“a truly formidable instrument of penance” says Dom Bede Camm. It is kept in a round internal glass case in a cylindrical reliquary about two feet high. This latter is made of wood silvered over and is facsimile of a silver one which perished in a fire. The relic was saved as it was not kept in the reliquary.

The owners of the relic have been remarkably generous with it. Some few years ago a fire took place at the Abbey of St Victor at Paris and unfortunately burnt the hair-shirt of St Thomas. The Canons of St Victor’s remembering their gift to the Lucchesi, asked the fathers for a piece of the relic. In the presence of the Archbishop of Lucca, Cardinal Lorenzelli, the case was opened and a small piece cut off and given to the Prior’s representative. Another example of their generosity was given in 1908 when, at the request of the Benedictines of Erdington to have some small part of the hair-shirt, the fathers very willingly acceded and gave as much as half of it.

The religious of S. Maria Cortelandini are extremely willing to show it and to explain how they still keep the feast of St Thomas with great solemnity. A special set of gorgeous vestments dating from the institution of the *feſta* are reserved for the occasion, the church is decorated and over the high altar is hung a large picture of St Thomas which is usually kept in the

vestibule leading from the sacristy to the street. In this same vestibule is a marble tablet recording how it is that the relic came there, and begging all who enter to venerate it. It also refers to the help that Our Lady gave to St Thomas in repairing the hair-shirt.<sup>11</sup>

Thus it was that while love for St Thomas dwindled in the hearts of his countrymen, God, through the devotion of a humble English lay-brother, taught the Lucchesi to pray,

*Nos ne cesses, Thoma, tueri!*

A. D. TOMEI

<sup>11</sup> The inscription notes that the help was given to St Thomas at Pontigny where he lived in exile with the Cistercians.

## PERSONAL

At Cape Town last June there were great rejoicings in honour of the Golden Jubilee of Mgr. KOLBE (1877-1882). Over three thousand people assembled at the City Hall to greet him; and among the many tributes paid to him,—from the Cape Town University, the Dutch Reformed Church, the Jewish Rabbi,—the following is from General Smuts (written to the organiser of a testimonial): “I enclose my mite, as a small indication of the love and admiration which I feel for one of South Africa’s greatest sons.”

We congratulate *en masse*, but none the less sincerely, the Silver Jubilarians of this year: the Revv. J.R. MEAGHER, J.P. COLEMAN, J.E. CLAUS, A. McCURDY, C.A. TINDALL, T. ALMOND, J. HOWARD, and C. SCHUT. *Ad multos annos!*

We apologise for the quite inadequate notice that we gave of the considerable Roman gathering at the consecration of Bishop MORIARTY. We suspected something of interest from the Catholic papers, but had no idea of the actual numbers, and the parts played by past and future vice-rectors, until we learnt too late from one of the participators.

Alma Mater was delighted to hear that a loyal son of hers the Very Rev. Canon HAZLEHURST (1898-1905) is now Provost of the Shrewsbury diocese.

Our respectful congratulations to his Lordship the Bishop of Nottingham. A few years ago when Bishop McNULTY was Rector of Edmund House, Cambridge, we were fortunate in having him as our guest for two weeks at Christmas time; and as he was then initiated into our family by Santa Claus himself (with a Greek speech, I think) it is not too much to hope, perhaps, that he will hang up a stocking with us again very soon.

Another guest, who passed the New Year with us two years ago, Monsignor MYERS President of St Edmund’s College, must be congratulated on his consecration and appointment as Auxiliary of Westminster. We look forward to congratulating him in person in the common-room, where, as he knows, he is always welcome.

The Rev. J. UPTON (1892-1899) who has been parish priest at Bloxwich for the last ten years is giving up his church there for the smaller parish of Haunton. Poor health has forced him to relinquish Bloxwich. A long paragraph in the local *Observer* bears very pleasant testimony to the high estimation in which he was held by all the people there. May his strength be speedily restored to him.

Our very best wishes go with Mr OGILVIE FORBES to Bagdad. During his years in Rome as British Chargé d'affaires at the Vatican he has made himself the friend of all at the College, so that we never felt that one of our *festas* was complete without him. We are sorry to have to surrender him to the *Bagdadesi*.

The Rev. F. SHUTT (1924-1931) continues to find us new subscribers and to send us helpful suggestions from Cambridge, where he is starting his second year reading the Classical Tripos.

*Prosit* the Rev. G.J. SEASTON (1923-1924), who was ordained at Oscott in June, and who has now joined the staff at St Bede's College, Manchester.

The Rev. E.H. WAKE (1924-1931) has had to resign from his position as inspector of schools for Southwark owing to bad health. He is taking things easy for a while as a teacher at the John Fisher School.

In Rome we had brief but pleasant visits from the Rev. G. FORD (1921-1928) who kindly brought hundreds of English cigarettes into the common-room, the Rev. A. MURRAY (1914-1918) and the Rev. E.J. KELLY (1920-1927).

The Rev. F. GRIMSHAW (1919-1926) has been publishing interesting Holiday Memories in the Prior Park Magazine which should remind you of some of your old gitas.

Mr M. MCKENNA, who had been patiently nursed through a dangerous illness by the Blue Nuns, was well enough, thank God, to be ordained priest in Passion week, and to return to England with the Rector in May, —after ten months of residence on the Coelian. He writes to say that he is feeling the good effects of the air at Brighton and that some real hard work would just put him right. We suppose his bishop will have no difficulty in finding him some of that. In fact we hear that he has already been appointed temporarily as Bishop's Secretary.

Our guests at the villa this summer, so far, have been the Revv. CHARLIER (1910-1917), ELWES (1922-1925), DELANY (1921-1928) and GARVIN (1923-1930). When Dr. Charlier was unmolested by midges and mosquitos he took healthy means (chiefly on the cricket field) of recovering his old health. Mr. Elwes rigged up the billiard-table cover once again as a mainsail, and ploughed across the lake. Dr Delany saw that his own particular type of rustic seating was being fittingly perpetuated, played cricket and umpired, and looked longingly at gita maps. Dr Garvin played golf and revelled in exercising his full-throated Italian. All paid us the compliment of being very much at home, and joining in everything that was "on"; so much part of the house were they indeed, that when

the time came to say good-bye, we had to make a noisy affair of it to hide our feelings.

To the late Seventh Year we wish long fruitful years on the mission. So far we know that Mr CAREY is to be found at Torquay, Mr MCGEE at Rawtenstall and Mr CAMPBELL with his classics amongst the youngsters at Upholland. Mr WILKINSON, Mr SLATER, Mr TOOTELL and Mr FAY, are still puzzling those who arrange the destinies of fourth curates. But wherever they go, they have our good wishes and warm appreciation of their fine public spirit shown during their years at the Venerable. We shall miss them for a long time to come.

*The Editor welcomes any information that may be sent to him for this Personal column.*

## OBITUARY

DUDLEY CHARLES CARY-ELWES, BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON

The late Bishop of Northampton was a Venerabilino only by affection but he was a Roman in his own right. His student days in Rome were spent at the Scots College and he never returned in later life without paying a visit of filial piety to his Alma Mater. As bishop of an English diocese, however, he found the Venerabile his natural home during his *ad Limina* visits—far too short and few from our point of view, for he was conspicuously devoted to the common-room. He had a subtly complimentary way of recognizing you as a familiar figure there and would greet you on the first evening with a smiling “What, you still here!”—b hastening to add that he had thought you must have been ordained long ago. He dropped into a circle as naturally as a philosopher just back after the holidays, and would sit tapping cigarette after cigarette on the knuckles of his left hand and talking of his young days in Rome or of his years on the mission in England which I think he always felt were the happiest years of his life. His unruffled cheerfulness and tranquillity never led you to suspect for a moment that the cares of an extensive, thinly populated diocese weighed heavy upon him. Yet it is a fact that after his first few months as bishop, a period which he referred to as his honeymoon, he passed some very sleepless years. He called it affectionately the “Cinderella of the dioceses” and no fairy godmother was needed to make it attractive in his eyes. Like his beloved John Fisher he would not have exchanged his poor bride for the richest church in Christendom. He knew the country intimately, for it was his home, and he had come to know every parish of it individually during his years as religious inspector. Every problem and difficulty of priestly life there had been his own during his years of pastoral work. He understood and loved its people. He was idolized by his clergy and never spared himself on their behalf. No occasion was beneath his attention where his interest or presence would help. His elevation to the episcopacy gave free play to qualities in him before confined and hidden—a rare admixture of soaring farsightedness for the future and tireless patience



with the present. And he had an invincible sense of humour. How he would have enjoyed, had he been well enough to see it, the headline that announced his last sad return from his annual pilgrimage to Lourdes: "Stricken Bishop gives Blessing from Stretcher." Intensely appreciative though he was of the Roman course, Northampton could never supply the Venerable with many students—nor any other college for that matter. Once he was comparing notes with the late Bishop of Nottingham, feeling that with his next door neighbour at least he could stand comparison. Bishop Dunn, who had rather a heavy quota at the Venerable, sportingly turned the conversation to Valladolid and asked, "How many have you there?" "One," replied Bishop Cary-Elwes, "How many have you?" Very triumphantly: "Three!" From the vanquished, an explosion of delightful derision and, "D-dont be c-cocky!" Northampton emerged with honour unsmirched.

Perhaps the most vivid picture of him that will live at the Venerable is of his appearance at a concert in 1922 when our modern concerts were yet in their fledgling stage. Someone had had the happy thought of providing him with a 'cello and booking him for a turn.—It seems incredible now, when Palazzola travails with the unearthly wailings that precede the appearance of the orchestra, that there was no 'cello in the house and it had to be borrowed from the German College!—With the 'cello he was happy, and not without the revelation of much plum-coloured stocking he gave himself up to it—to his evident delight and very much to ours.

The last time he came he was recovering after an operation and it was sad to see him looking so pulled down. He laughed it away, explaining that someone had cut his throat not long ago. When he arrived, the Northampton Student met him at the station and on the way down they grew so engrossed in East Anglian gossip that a portfolio containing all the Northampton state papers was left behind in the taxi. Very soon his Lordship was wringing his hands and calling upon St Anthony, while the distracted student sped back to the front door to look for the taxi. Hot at his heels came the Bishop, and as they opened the door the taxi returned. "Well done, St Anthony!" cried his Lordship, as the honest *autista* handed over the precious bag. "Well done St Anthony! er, give the man twenty lire!" Which the East Anglian accordingly did, for the man demanded as much for his double journey: but they did not tell the Bishop that.

The headline about the "stricken bishop" was too disturbing to amuse us at the time and we were unsparing in our prayers for his recovery. But he had worn himself out with work, and I think he would have preferred to die as he did than to have recovered and lived a little longer as a permanent invalid, unable to devote to Northampton the vigour and care that he spent so selflessly during the ten active years he was its bishop. May he rest in peace!

THOMAS DUGGAN

## MONSIGNOR HENRY DANDRIA (1913-1915)

The death of the most Reverend Monsignor Canon Dandria (for the second time, Minister for Public Instruction) was a blow to all Malta: a blow not mitigated by the fact that it was anything but unexpected. Monsignor Dandria had been failing in health for some time. Indeed he was never robust, and would himself often declare, "The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak" in reference to the ill health which was always such a burden to a man of no ordinary mental and intellectual vigour. He had but recently returned from Sicily whither he had gone to take a cure. On his arrival in Malta he was given a jubilant reception by his party in honour of his great success in the recent elections; but it was obvious that Monsignor Dandria was still seriously ill. He took to his bed immediately and rapidly sank. He had a great devotion to the "Little Flower", and when removed to another room, he saw to it that her image was carried there too. He held a medal of Ste Thérèse in his hand, and never parted with it till death, and it was evident that through her intercession he received many favours and consolations. He died on the morning of Sunday, July 3rd 1932.

Henry Dandria was born in June 1892. At the age of fourteen he matriculated, and in 1913 he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. But as he was only twenty-one he could not be ordained, so went to Rome where he was admitted to the Venerabile. He spent two years there, and, having taken his doctorate in Philosophy at the Gregorian in June 1915, returned to Malta and was ordained priest in the September of that year. He entered the Maltese Parliament in 1921, became Minister for Public Instruction for four years from 1923, and after a successful competitive examination was elected Canon Theologian in 1928.

Monsignor Dandria was undoubtedly one of the cleverest men in Malta. A brilliant orator, preacher and debater, an accomplished linguist, and above all a man of great energy and personality, he combined gifts such as are given to few, and used them to the limit of his capacity in the service of the Church and his party in what he conceived to be his country's interest. He literally wore himself out by his unremitting and varied activities. When advised by a friend to take care of his health, he answered smiling: "If I were to live forty or even sixty years more, it would be all the same to me, as long as I live as the good God wills". His work in defence of the Church in Malta is well known; in fact it was he who, after the joint pastoral of the Bishop of Malta and Gozo in 1930, was asked to go over to England and there make clear the various points of the Maltese crisis. Besides teaching in divinity and humanities, he was an active worker for the moral and material welfare of the Maltese youth.

And it is in order to keep alive the memory of their benefactor that a committee has been formed to collect funds for the establishment of a seat of Catholic Action, which he had so much at heart.

How much he was loved may be fairly gauged by the demonstrations at his funeral. Contrary to all custom (for this is a privilege usually reserved to bishops) the remains were placed in the co-cathedral of St John, Valletta, for the lying in state. The Requiem Mass was sung by the Capitular Archpriest and his Grace the Archbishop gave the absolutions. There were present His Excellency the Governor, and the military and naval authorities. Afterwards, the body was taken to the Cathedral, Notabile, for burial and vast crowds thronged the funeral procession of this beloved priest and leader,—crowds so vast that within living memory the like has not been seen in Malta.

NAZARENO CURMI

WILFRID LEAHY MILNER (1893-1896; College Confessor 1915-1920)

My recollections of Father Wilfrid Milner are confined, with one exception, to our common connection with the Venerable. He and 'Jimmy' Kenny (now Parish Priest of Widnes) travelled together to Rome to begin their University course, and I met them, by a happy coincidence, at the same hotel in Paris where we were putting up for the night. It was towards the end of October 1893. Needless to say we all three continued, and completed our journey in company with great satisfaction. I remember that Milner as being senior in years, and experience and personality, was easily the leader of our trio, as thereafter of any group of men he happened to be among. He was an M.A. of Cambridge and a convert. I have often related to others for their edification what he told me himself at the very beginning of his conversion. I think the family were Wesleyans and citizens of Lancaster. His eldest brother was the editor of a leading Lancashire daily. When a child he with other boys used to run in and out of the stately Catholic Church—now Cathedral—and sometimes play with the holy water. Wilfrid was curious about the altar and the big handsome Tabernacle. One day he said to an old woman in the church: "What are those golden doors?" Her answer was unexpected, but to the point and very illuminating: "God bless you dearie, they's the gates of Heaven!" Wilfrid assured me that answer to his childish query sunk into his soul and many years later resulted in his submission to the Catholic claims.

What a bright, quick, vivacious and inspiring way he had with him. How easily and quickly he picked up Italian so that I remember he was able in a few weeks to give a thorough verbal dressing down to Giuseppe who, he discovered, had been making use of his razors. He had considerable musical ability and was soon a leader among the Cantors whom Monsignor Prior (then Vice-rector) got together to cultivate the new method of plain chant after the Solemnnes teaching.

He was a great lover of animals. A cat was discovered badly hurt in the Cortile. Milner got hold of it with difficulty and carried it struggling and biting to his room. He was badly bitten and scratched himself in the process and was in the hands of the Infirmarian for some days after. The animal itself went quite wild and had to be cornered by the servants and clumsily despatched.

It was, to my memory, shortly after this that we heard to our great regret that Milner had decided to become a Redemptorist. Parting with him was a great grief both to students and superiors. The dear old "Gi" took him to the station and insisted on paying his first class fare through to London.

Thence onwards I heard of him only at rare intervals, as having been professed, becoming a teacher at the Redemptorist house of studies, going on the mission in South Africa, suffering a period of spiritual trial through scruples, then as returning many years later to be confessor at the Venerabile, at the time when Monsignor Godfrey was a student. The latter speaks of him as follows:

"I think Father Wilfrid Milner must have returned to Rome about two years before I finished my course at the Venerabile i.e. he became confessor to both the English and Beda Colleges about 1915. I have a photo taken on the day of our "Primitiae Missarum" on which Father Milner has a place and so he was still confessor to the Venerabile and professor of Moral Theology at the Beda in 1916.

"We were all very much attached to him and I remember well the satisfaction which we felt when we heard that an old student of the College was coming to the Villa Caserta and would renew his connexion with his old Alma Mater. It was good to see the delight with which he too returned to the scenes of his youth. He made no effort to conceal his joy at returning to Rome and during his visits to Monte Porzio he recalled in his own vivacious way and with the rapidity of utterance characteristic of him, the days of old and the men he had known. He gave simple conferences. The rapid staccato delivery rather amused us but his heart full of fervour and zeal came with his words and we always came away impressed. I lost touch with him when I returned to England but was very glad to have a letter from him shortly after my appointment as Rector in which among other things he requested that his name should be removed from the free list of subscribers to the College magazine. I think an anonymous benefactor had been paying his subscription up to that time and he remarked that he was not able to pay the subscription. His request was declined and the "VENERABILE" continued to be sent. He wrote once again, a letter full of affection for his Alma Mater and for all its traditions and expressing his deep appreciation of the magazine as a bond between the students of the big Venerabile family.

"Those of my own time at the College may remember how he told us in a conference one day that passing along the street in Rome on one

occasion he saw a man sadly deformed who had lost his legs and sat on a board asking alms of the passers by. Father Milner was much moved at the sight and stopped to talk to him and offer his sympathy. He remarked that it must be a great trial to be deprived of his limbs and to struggle for his livelihood in that way. Whereupon the beggar smiled sadly and said very simply "Bisogna rassegnarsi!" This little incident Fr Milner related to us with much compassion and urged us to learn the obvious lesson and it reveals the sympathy of his priestly heart.

"I had the satisfaction of recommending the soul of our old friend and confessor to the prayers of the students and of offering the holy Sacrifice for him at the altar of St Thomas before which he had so often prayed." Thus, the Rector.

My first and last meeting with Father Milner after his departure from Rome in 1894 was many years later at Westminster Cathedral. He was stationed at Clapham, temporarily I believe, and had been asked to assist as one of the twelve priests for the consecration of the Holy Oils on Maunday Thursday. It was a good day for a meeting which was to prove our last on earth. It will always be a joy to me that by a sort of impulse on both sides we embraced in the Continental fashion, and went our several ways.

I know he had a great devotion to "Death" and I believe he must have had a very happy one, and that Our Lord soon called him to enjoy His Blessed Presence.

H. HALL

#### HENRY CARTER (1927-1930)

Henry Carter was one of us for three years. During that time he was one of the happiest amongst us having a great love and zest for every detail of the English College life, and being one of the the most popular men in the house. How he kept that even, sweet temper of his in spite of ill-health must remain a mystery to us. His only grouse was a wish that he had stronger health.

He was at his best in the common-room, not in a boisterous way, but in a "circle" where his extraordinarily well-informed mind, wide interests and whimsical humour were appreciated in conversation. In an unobtrusive way he aided the public life in nearly everthing, a good actor, a maker-up behind the scenes, a *Chi lo sa?* artist of the Heath Robinson type though he once did a fine landscape of the Lake and Castel Gandolfo for the cover, secretary of the Mezzofanti Society; a sure fourth for an art-gallery *camerata*, it was a treat to go round with him and to listen to his sensitive balanced judgment on the Italian painters, of whom he had made a special study, and he was such a familiar figure by the gramophone on Palazzola evenings when he used to put on the records for us, that he appeared in *Chi lo sa?* as St Columbia with a record for a halo. These were the things by which we knew him so well, and it is enough to say that the same high standard he set

for himself in lighter things was scrupulously observed in everything else.

When we heard that the doctor had advised him to leave and finish his studies in a more suitable climate, everyone felt the loss keenly—but no one lamented louder than Harry himself, and happy though he was at Fribourg he always wanted to return to Rome and the English College.

We heard the news of his death as we were going into chapel for the Stations of the Cross and had he died under our own roof the feeling of dismay could not have been greater. He received many Masses and prayers during the next few days nor will he ever be forgotten by his contemporaries here. Shortly after Mr Dekker came to stay with us from Fribourg and later Valentine Elwes and it gave us great pleasure to hear from them of the care which had been taken of him during his last illness and of his very happy death.

He never attained an age when he could gain what we call achievement but spent his whole life in strenuous preparation for—as it turned out—death. We shall remember him as one who always thought and acted towards the priesthood, who gave himself wholeheartedly to our Roman life for that end, who was completely happy in it and who by his own testimony died in that same happy spirit of resignation. R.I.P.

T.B. PEARSON

#### LEO MCGUIRE (1903-1904)

Your charitable prayers are asked for Father Leo McGuire who died suddenly at Kirkstall on June 29th. He came to the Beda College in the Via di Monserrato for one year, and was a life member of the Roman Association.

#### THE MARCHESA CICCOLINI

The Venerabile mourns the loss of a devoted friend in the person of the Marchesa Ciccolini (Alice Brownlow), who died recently in Rome. She was well known to English residents in Rome and had many friends. The Marchesa was a great admirer of the Venerable English College and showed her affection repeatedly by gifts of books and periodicals.

The Rector visited her several times during her illness and was able to be present at the solemn Requiem at the Chiesa Nuova. The Marchesa had lived in the Via Monserrato for many years and always showed a deep interest in our welfare. We offer our deepest sympathy to her family in the great loss which they have sustained, and we pray that God may give her soul eternal rest.

## COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 8th. *Friday*. Back to the workaday world again: and as the ghosts of *Ruddigore* and even the more solid bridesmaids fade into the hazy past, we fall once more under the shadow of the rostrum, find our delight anew in the company of the Fathers and, in short, settle down to a life of sober respectability. To lessen the blow,

9th. *Saturday*, came two very welcome visitors, the Bishop of Southwark and Monsignor Sprankling.

10th. *Sunday*. Our previous good opinion of the Ripetitore received a rude shock today when we found that he had been traced by the Italian authorities as a vendor of false bonds to the tune of some thousands of lire. Had it not been that his cousin, one of ourselves and a fervent disciple of Edgar Wallace, had also been implicated we doubt whether his alibi would have got across. At the time of going to press they are still out of the Regina Coeli owing to some confusion in official circles as to the real culprit but we are hoping for the best.

11th. *Monday*. Long reading again in the refectory, or rather half-long reading, *adstante episcopo*, so we resumed Pastor's account of the Reformation in England.

13th. *Wednesday*. Philosopher's *Menstrua*. Alas for the spartan days of old! We have become so accustomed to the luxuries of the Nova Sedes as almost to have forgotten what these occasions meant only two years ago, when five hundred men were crammed into a hall made for half that number, and the racket of traffic outside made the opening of windows impracticable. Nowadays each man has his little bench (the back is carefully rounded to comfort the shoulders) and rests in the knowledge that at the end of the day there are six commodious doors to walk out by, instead of one little portal leading to a narrow staircase where the fittest only can survive. To the Vatican, the Bishop of Southwark and his students for an audience.

14th. *Thursday*. The first of the early Requiems, and even the highly trained *scuola* could only grunt and wheeze along with the rest.

15th. *Friday*. We are "sailing o'er life's ocean wide" now with a will, although the sombre line of *doceturs* ahead makes Shrove seem as distant as Gennaro itself. But the weather is gloriously cold and dry and the hour after schools gives the giants of our day a chance to break all records in their career round the walls. Older men and those whose legs are tottering prefer to toil the Garibaldi, climb the well-known steps and in the shelter of the Arch of the Four Winds, for five ambrosial minutes forget the hum of the city.

16th. *Saturday*. An illuminated list of the Martyrs of the Venerable has been hung in the lower corridor between the church and the sacristy doors. The names are printed in simple red lettering with a crown and palm leaves above and the College arms below.

17th. *Sunday*. The Bishop of Southwark gave the Literary Society an address on Spain.

18th. *Monday*. Excited conjectures disturbed the peace of the common-room tonight when a letter arrived for the late secretary addressed to the "Rev. R.P. Redmond S.J."

19th. *Tuesday*. At supper we began a new book "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival" by Bernard Ward.

20th. *Wednesday*. Cardinal Segura, Primate of Spain, paid us a visit at the College this morning. He has been compelled to leave Spain owing to the present religious disturbances and has taken up temporary residence in Rome. His Eminence could only stay for a short visit but he showed the greatest interest in the College. About 11-30 we assembled in the Cortile to cheer him off. He made a short but very earnest Latin speech saying how proud he was to come to this home of the Martyrs and asking our prayers that the persecution in Spain might cease. This evening some of us went to S. Paolo alla Regola, now one of our annual functions, where the Rector gave Benediction.

21st. *Thursday*. Four years ago a *camerata* was asked to wait until 1932 for permission to go to S. Agnese to see the blessing of the lambs. "The feast will fall on a Thursday that year" explained the then Vice-rector to the young philosophers. Today saw the same *camerata* of now withered theologians still enthusiastic, and with a crowd of others, striding down the Nomentana. A late dinner (kindly arranged by the Rector) was no deterrent. Of course the ceremony was well worth it,—if only to see the half-drugged lambs (festooned like Children of Mary) regaining consciousness and making the M.C. look sheepish as they scrambled out of their baskets to gambol on the altar. Before the early Requiem this morning we saw a theologian who was old enough to know better, absent-mindedly turning into the refectory for breakfast instead of into the sodality chapel for white choir.



24th. *Sunday*. To dinner, besides our own two guests, Monsignors Cicognani, Heard, Duchemin and Mr Ogilvie-Forbes. In the evening there was a film "The Show People" featuring all the old favourites but dressed as ordinary civilians without their stage make-up. Some of us not being real film-fans were disappointed at seeing our idols thus unmasked,—and Charlie without his hat and stick . . .

25th. *Monday*. The *docetur* was brightened today by an excellent pranzo provided by Monsignor Sprankling. Coffee and *rosolio* followed, during which the Rector publicly welcomed the Bishop and Monsignor, a welcome that was, needless to say, applauded *con slancio*. Both the guests made speeches in reply and the Bishop put himself unreservedly in our hands with the remark, "Unless asked by the Pope to stay at the Vatican, I shall spend my visits to Rome at the Venerable English College."

27th. *Wednesday*. As Mr Snowden prophesied some months ago, the fall of the pound is having its repercussions in every quarter of the globe. One effect is that the cashier at the Banco di Roma once a silent, moody man, has now begun to take sympathetic interest in the *sterlina*. Today he supplemented our meagre 69.80 with the remark "I giorni del novantadue sono terminati per sempre!" Another effect is the steady rise to popularity of the Catholic Social Study Guild, or "Reds"—under the tireless direction of our prosperous-looking "arch-red".

28th. *Thursday*. The Bishop of Southwark and Monsignor Sprankling departed today and we gave them a hearty send-off in the cortile. The Rector announced the beginning of building operations at Palazzola.

30th. *Saturday*. Theologians' *Menstrua* for third and fourth years: so the younger ones gathered rosebuds in Pam.

31st. *Sunday*. The Rector and two students went to the Lateran this morning to attend the opening ceremony of the visitation of the churches in the diocese of Rome. In the evening Mr McReavy read a paper to the Literary Society on "How the Bolshevik Revolution happened".

FEBRUARY 1st. *Monday*. Entered February with a blast of Tramontana. The sharp, blue hills and sparkling air all tempt us to plan great things for the gita next week, although we know we shall probably end happily in a tram to Albano.

2nd. *Tuesday*. The Rector in the safe consort of Dr Park went to Sorrento for a short holiday. This evening we heard that the Vice-rector was leaving us to become the Parish Priest of Chesterfield. The news comes as a complete surprise and we are very sorry to lose him, a sorrow that is however, to some extent mitigated when we realise that he has been appointed to one of the most important and responsible parishes in the diocese. We must bow to the inevitable: he knows our deep gratitude and prayers go with him to Chesterfield. We are pleased

to hear that his successor is to be the Rev. R.L. Smith, ex-Editor and Diarist of this magazine, and our guest at Christmas, so that young and old know him personally even before he arrives.

4th. *Thursday*. The Scots' match at Fortitudo in which the Venerabile bore the honours of the day. Elated with success (*rubesco referens*—it was our first for some years) we returned in high fettle to find that the Vice-rector had preceded us and stormed the neighbouring *forni* to provide us with *maritazzi* for tea. Followed smoking till 6-30, and oh for a pen of fire to describe it! We sang and danced hornpipes and highland flings, proudly inspected the wounds of the team and made the night hideous with noise. In one of the quieter intervals the Vice-rector rose and spoke a few words, telling us he had sent off a telegram, at the college expense, to the Rector informing him how the Venerabile had fared. There were solemn junketings in Sorrento that night. We finished off with a repetition of the Christmas repertoire, by which time throats which had cheered so lustily all the afternoon and sung with such verve, afterwards, were well nigh exhausted. We saw a man later in the evening reverently holding up a pair of muddy football boots and saying, "They're mine: I lent them to so and so and feel as though I'd done it all myself!"

6th. *Saturday*. We finished lectures for a week. Gita-lists have begun to appear, the first in the field being a humble one to Nemi. Beware of highly ornate and elaborate gita-lists and be not deceived by the novelty of little steam engines and motor buses drawn to illustrate the route with greater clarity. Such may be the freaks of some fanciful brain. The Rector and Ripetitore returned from Sorrento.

7th. *Sunday*. The Cardinal Protector came at 11-30 and gave us a conference in church. He very kindly brought with him several copies of Cardinal Gasparri's new "Catechismus Catholicus" each inscribed with the Protector's autograph. In the evening there were three short films.

8th. *Monday*. Shrove gita—an ideal day with an invigorating touch of frost which whitened all the Campagna. At an early hour parties were striding along the Appia to Albano or the Salaria to Monte Rotondo. Others went to such traditional places as Montopoli, Tivoli and Campagnano, (this last a new tradition happily inaugurated last year), while the mountaineers successfully tackled Monte Pellechia and Soracte. The "pure spirits", a convivial party, went to Nemi and had a very successful time.

9th. *Tuesday*. *Carnevale*—though it is little more than a name now. This evening the Theologians gave an excellent concert one item of which was a medley of dialogue introducing all the catch-phrases that have been spoken across the footlights in living memory.

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|--------------------------|----------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Violin Solo . . . . . | <i>Roulis</i> . . . . .    | Mr Lynch. |
| 2. . . . .               | <i>Seventh Year Song</i> . |           |

- |                    |  |                   |
|--------------------|--|-------------------|
| 3. Interlude . . . | <i>A Xmas Nightmare - or The Committee's Dream . . .</i> |                   |
|                    | <i>The Archbishop of Cadiz . . .</i>                     | Mr Pritchard.     |
|                    | <i>Father Slushy (a Jesuit) . . .</i>                    | Mr Weldon.        |
|                    | <i>Senor Maura (Secretary of the Interior) . . .</i>     | Mr Dwyer.         |
| 4. Aria . . .      | <i>H.M.S. Pinafore . . .</i>                             | Mr Park & Chorus. |
| 5. Interlude . . . | <i>Who Killed Cock McRobin? . . .</i>                    | Mr Jones.         |
| 6. Song . . .      | <i>A Sorrento Lullaby . . .</i>                          | Mr Purdy.         |
| 7. Sketch:         |  |                   |

### THAT BRUTE SIMMONS.

#### Characters:

|                              |                |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| <i>Mrs Simmons . . . . .</i> | Mr Park.       |
| <i>Mr Simmons . . . . .</i>  | Mr Cunningham. |
| <i>Bob Ford . . . . .</i>    | Mr Grady.      |

*Scene:* The Simmons' Home.

10th. *Wednesday.* We bade farewell to the Vice-rector at dinner. The Rector thanked him on behalf of all of us for his devoted work for the college and we toasted him with musical honours. The Vice-rector thanked us, expressed his sorrow at departing and extended a hearty invitation to all Venerabilini who were passing near his parish to come and see him. In the afternoon the traditional walk up the Aventine to S. Sabina. Why is there always a *scirocco* on Ash-Wednesday?

11th. *Thursday.* Since the Rector has to go out to Palazzola every Thursday to see how work on the new wing is progressing, he has conceived the idea (a simple one like all great ideas) of taking some of the boys with him in the car. Combining business and pleasure, they can do a useful bit of work in the shifting of library books and at the same time enjoy a few hours in the fresh Alban air. This excellent custom was inaugurated today and, to peep into the future, was followed regularly each week so that most of us had the opportunity of spending one or two days out of Rome and of appreciating Mrs Luigi's cunning hand with the spag. Today being the third anniversary of the Lateran Treaty, the Duce drove along the Corso through cheering crowds and was received in audience by the Holy Father.

12th. *Friday.* Tenth anniversary of the Coronation of Pope Pius XI. The Pope was carried into St Peter's wearing the rich tiara presented him by the Milanese on his election. Cardinal Locatelli sang the Mass the music of which was broadcast. By 11-30 the augmented choir were

just beginning a long, polyphonic Credo, so those of us who were reduced to a state of utter exhaustion came home and had dinner. The indefatigables waited patiently, encouraged by reports that the Holy Father would speak from the *Sedia Gestatoria*, in the procession out. They were rewarded for their perseverance, since the Holy Father did speak a few words into the microphone. The ceremony ended at 12-40 by which time the indefatigables had fortunately become absolutely speechless and unable to jeer at their weaker willed brethren hurrying back to the Basilica, just too late.

14th. *Sunday*. Tea has been changed to 5-30 on Sundays to give us a longer walk after Vespers. Mr Purdy entertained the Literary Society this evening with the adventures of that interesting traveller Fynes Moryson.

15th. *Monday*. Alas, the old order changeth and even a professor of Moral Theology must bow to the passage of time. Father Vermeersch, the most familiar figure in the Gregorian, retired from the chair of Morals today, to the regret of all. Well did we appreciate the bobbing head peeping over the rostrum, and the gesticulating hands which were such an essential part of the joke. We are encouraged however to hope that he may resume lectures for at least half of the next year. His successor is Father Principe, himself a former pupil of Father Vermeersch.

16th. *Tuesday*. We were sorry to hear of the death of Henry Carter (1927-1930) at Fribourg. An obituary notice appears in this number.

17th. *Wednesday*. The supply of Acqua Vergine has failed and Neptune of Trevi looks very forlorn without his cascade. We are feeling the drought too, being bereft of hot baths.

18th. *Thursday*. Romans of a few years ago will find parts of the city completely unrecognisable when they return. In fact cameratas now are often puzzled to find a street they went down a week ago, in process of demolition the next. Our path to the Station today lay through Trajan's Forum behind which we had to choke our way through air laden with dust and lime, while housebreakers perched on perilous crags of ruined wall knocked the bricks away from under them.

19th. *Friday*. Entering the refectory this afternoon we were delighted to see Mr McKenna sipping tea with the Rector. He had been released for a few hours from hospital and paid his first visit to the College since last July. A sign, we take it, that he will soon be entirely cured.

20th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to First Year Theology who received Tonsure today from the Cardinal Vicar at the Lateran Seminary.

21st. *Sunday*. Fr. Croft-Fraser came to dinner. In the evening Colonel Stevens D.S.O., military attaché to the British Embassy, gave the Literary Society a lecture on the Army. He tried to find a chink in our armour by reading out the wage list of army chaplains, but we remained impervious.

22nd. *Monday*. Acqua Vergine and hot water came on again today to the relief of all good Müllerites who can once more knead and betowel their limbs in comfort.

24th. *Wednesday*. The Bishop of Plymouth and Dr G. Ford, his secretary, came to dinner and joined us in the common-room afterwards.

26th. *Friday*. Cardinal Rossi sang the annual Requiem for the late Cardinal Merry del Val in S. Prassede. We shared the *assistenza* with the Spanish College.

27th. *Saturday*. The road to knowledge is indeed beset with difficulties: today we suffered the coldest snap of winter yet, and as we distractedly gripped our flimsy wings around us and battled against the Tramontana to schools, we trod on a treacherous snake of ice that stretched from a leaky tap across the Piazza Pilotta. By midday tapering icicles hung from the Farnese fountains but we were too famished to admire them.

28th. *Sunday*. A blanket of snow covered Rome beautifying the drab, tumbledown houses, giving the dome of S. Andrea a light touch of sugar-icing and providing us in the garden with ammunition for a battle royal. The true *Romano di Roma* is always at a loss when brought into touch with such strange phenomena from colder climes and tousled heads bobbed in incredulous horror over the garden wall to see what the Barbarous North were doing with it. This evening Father Moore, General of the Servites, kindly brought a film he had taken showing the African missions at work. We found the native dances intensely diverting.

29th. *Monday*. This evening we had the last two reels of the film, since time had proved insufficient yesterday. This provided us with a thrilling lion-hunt, although the lions seemed rather less ferocious than we should have expected—frightened possibly by the producer's megaphone. The 'flu menace made its first appearance today.

MARCH 1st. *Tuesday*. Our breakfast was gladdened by a touch of colour, the daffodils of Wales that "come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty". Our fervent and hearty congratulations to Mr McKenna who has been granted a special dispensation to receive Major Orders and Priesthood before Easter.

2nd. *Wednesday*. The winter *horarium* has been simplified and improved this year. Early afternoon schools which used to be regulated according to the Ave are now fixed permanently as early as possible so that, up till Easter, tea remains at 5-0. Hebrew scholars of course suffer and our hearts go out to them, but we get that valuable two hours after tea in which to pursue our studies.

5th. *Saturday*. This morning at the Beda College the Bishop of Plymouth ordained Mr McKenna subdeacon. His Lordship, Monsignor Duchemin and Dr G. Ford came to dinner. The *laureandi* were photo-

graphed at the University this morning: this another one of those functions which have acquired greater solemnity since the days of the Palazzo Borromeo. Nowadays, instead of being herded into a little cortile the *laureandi* arrange themselves into an imposing group on the steps in front of the University. We have one link with the past; Napoleon, whose elixir of permanent youth never fails him, still conducts the show with all his old zest and enjoyment. Dr R.L. Smith arrived while we were at supper and crept quietly into the refectory.

6th. *Sunday*. Laetare Sunday and therefore a worthy day on which to greet the new Vice-rector which we did in rousing fashion, *instigante et approbante* Monsignor Cicognani. There was a *pranzone* followed by coffee and *rosolio*, during which the Rector made a speech of welcome and we crowned it with a hearty "ad multos annos". The Vice-rector thanked us saying that at first he had reflected rather anxiously on his own "less guarded moments of the pupil state" but after a little consideration he had put aside all such forebodings. So once again our little hierarchy is complete. In the evening we had a Wild West film, "Morgan's Last Raid."

7th. *Monday*. A holiday in honour of St Thomas Aquinas. Fathers McNarney, Halsall, and Grant to dinner.

8th. *Tuesday*. Theologians' *Menstrua* but another barren day for the Angli. S. Lorenzo in Damaso is now our Parish Church so off we went this evening to sing the station litanies. We made an imposing procession round the square of the Cancelleria and Campo and our voices penetrating down the neighbouring *vicolini* woke the inhabitants and brought them to swell the congregation.

9th. *Wednesday*. Philosophers' *Menstrua*. The Theologians from the French College challenged their English confrères to a friendly game of football. In the evening we attended the function at Tor de' Specchi where Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani gave Benediction; a violin trilled very sweetly during the service. The pound rose to 72 today and caused quite a flutter of speculation among our financiers. They were wise since it came to earth with a bump in the evening. Palmy were the days of old when men could sing,

"How can we help feeling blue  
When the pound is approaching 102."

12th. *Saturday*. We sang the annual Mass in S. Gregorio, this year a four part composition of Turner's, *corta ma bella* as an Italian told us afterwards. To our disappointment there was no sermon, so we missed the vigorous old abbot with his fervent "San Gregò" and *questi bravi giovani da lontano*. The congregation gets bigger every year.

13th. *Sunday*. At a special ordination in the College Mr McKenna was made deacon by Archbishop Palica. He had to return to the Blue Nuns' soon afterwards but was able to come up for a short while and

chat with the boys. In the evening Mr Roberts read the Literary Society a paper on Richelieu.

14th. *Monday*. Do you remember the peculiar smell of station churches, the fragrance of crushed laurel and bay, the musty air, the clammy touch of stone?

15th. *Tuesday*. To dinner Father Essex O.P. and Father T.L. O'Neill. P.F.

16th. *Wednesday*. Mr Dekker from Fribourg became our guest for a few days.

17th. *Thursday*. St Patrick's day was honoured by a brave display of shamrock, though we miss the supply that in days of yore, so 'twas whispered, would always be found in a little bath in the Vice-rector's room, the door of which on this one morning of the year, would be left open. Many took advantage of the *non-docetur* to visit St Patrick's and St Isidore's (where Father Garde O.P. preached a fine sermon). In the evening the traditional concert was very successful. The "orch" bore away the palm easily. During the concert there were free English cigarettes—a thoughtful present from the Catholic sailors of the Mediterranean Fleet who are on a visit to Rome.

- |                        |  |           |                                  |
|------------------------|--|-----------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Minuet and Trio     | <i>Clock Symphony (Haydn)</i>          | . . .     | Orchestra.                       |
| 2. Song . . . . .      | <i>Chorus Gentlemen!</i>               | . . . . . | Mr Luke.                         |
| 3. Interlude . . . . . | <i>"Blood and Tea" or "To and Fro"</i> |           |                                  |
|                        | <i>Ma</i> . . . . .                    | . . . . . | Mr Dawson.                       |
|                        | <i>Pa</i> . . . . .                    | . . . . . | Mr Stone.                        |
|                        | <i>Others</i> . . . . .                | . . . . . | Messrs Duggan,<br>Grace & Foley. |

*Scene*: A Cottage in England.

- |                              |                                  |           |                   |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 4. Song . . . . .            | <i>Sweet Isle</i>                | . . . . . | Mr Beevers.       |
| 5. Interlude . . . . .       | <i>More than Unseemly.</i>       |           |                   |
|                              | <i>Rev. Joseph Wilkes O.S.B.</i> | . . . . . | Mr Lynch.         |
|                              | <i>Bishop Talbot</i>             | . . . . . | Mr Beevers.       |
|                              | <i>Lord Petre</i>                | . . . . . | Mr Elcock.        |
|                              | <i>Mr Throgmorton</i>            | . . . . . | Mr Purdy.         |
|                              | <i>Charles Butler</i>            | . . . . . | Mr T. B. Pearson. |
| 6. Violin Fantasia . . . . . | <i>The Harp that once etc.</i>   | . . . . . | Mr Ekbery.        |
| 7. The Committee presents:   |                                  |           |                   |

## THE OLD GEYSER.

Characters:

- |                               |           |               |
|-------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| <i>Colonel Jiggs</i>          | . . . . . | Mr Pritchard. |
| <i>Dorothy (his Daughter)</i> | . . . . . | Mr V. Marsh.  |

|                                      |           |               |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| <i>Harry Smith (her Fiancé)</i>      | . . .     | Mr J. Malone. |
| <i>Dr Smith</i>                      | . . . . . | Mr Doyle.     |
| <i>Dick Smith (a plumber)</i>        | . . .     | Mr Jackson.   |
| <i>John (Colonel Jiggs' servant)</i> | . . .     | Mr Gallagher. |

*Scene:* Colonel Jiggs' House.

18th. *Friday.* At a Public Meeting the senior student took his shaking hand from the helm today after dinner and handed over to another Ancient Mariner. We arrived home this afternoon to find the lower corridor (usually containing nothing more interesting than black beavers) smartened by the gold braid and uniform of the Royal Navy. The sailor pilgrims having just seen the Pope had come to pay us a short visit. They numbered over seventy officers and men whom we settled snugly in the common-room and with whom we were soon on familiar terms. Unfortunately they had to leave fairly early which cut short an entertaining evening suggesting sea-shanties and hornpipes. But even hearts of oak must bow to the foreigner if he is the driver of a charabanc and refuses to work after 7 p.m. Perhaps next time. . . . Today was issued the doctorate sheet "whose blighting influence can sour a man for life and turn him adrift a cynic among his fellows."

19th. *Saturday.* Mr McKenna was ordained Priest by the Cardinal Vicar in the North American College. *Ad multos annos!* The rest of his year went out early to attend the ceremony. His Eminence was our guest at dinner and took coffee and *rosolio* with us afterwards. To prove we were loyal Britons we went to the Stadium this afternoon and in drizzling rain watched the British sailors play the Roman Universities at Rugger. The service won 27-5. Stentorian English appeals to "heel!" seemed to surprise them rather.

20th. *Sunday.* Mr McKenna said his first Mass this morning in the College chapel. His brother served. At dinner he sat on the top table, *modo consueto*, and we drank his health in the refectory. Coffee and *rosolio* followed. In the afternoon there was solemn Benediction and the kissing of hands which latter ceremony was conducted with greater solemnity than usual, the *ordinatus* sitting enthroned in state on the predella. At 7-15 we went into retreat under the guidance of Father Hickey O.S.A. until,

23rd. *Wednesday.* Those who had generated uncontrollable energy during the last two days relieved the pressure by doing the long and dusty tramp to the Seven Churches—with just one drink of water at the fountain near S. Sebastiano, while others fulfilled a long cherished ambition and squeezed themselves into the Canons' stalls at the Lateran for Tenebrae. An obstinate influenza germ defied all the febrifuges of the infirmarian and the victim was moved to the Blue Nuns' today. The last box of shamrock arrived this evening.



24th. *Thursday*. The Altar of Repose has been arranged very tastefully in the Sodality chapel this year and plenty of extra benches have been provided so we are no longer cramped for kneeling space. Father McReavy from Louvain is our guest over Easter.

26th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Second year Theology who received the last two Minor Orders at the Lateran. To balance certain humiliating remarks made in previous diaries about the ceremony on Holy Saturday morning we are glad to announce that this year it was conducted in a way with which Martinucci himself could have found no fault. Twelve bold, confident voices executed the prophecies without a hitch and no diabolical agents succeeded in interfering with the Paschal Candle. So on this note of triumph we end the season of penance.

27th. *Sunday*. *Zabaione* and *pizze di Pasqua* graced the festal board at breakfast. There were family guests only at dinner—to wit Monsignori Cicognani and Heard. *Chi lo sa?* came out proverbially late.

28th. *Monday*. *Dies Irae*. This morning we should have been setting our faces towards a week of undiluted bliss at Palazzola, had not a cruel fate decreed that we should stay in Rome. Nobody's fault at all but crisply explained by that single word—*Lavori*. The *muratori* had gained the week. And after all our little cloud was not to be without its silver lining as the Vice-rector proved in a short tête-à-tête after breakfast. Of recreation we were going to be allowed the maximum, and villa life as nearly as possible was to be the order of the day. Considerably brighter thereat we hied us to Pam and let off steam in a rousing game of football. The superiors' table showed quite a crowd at dinner, the strangers being Bishop Heery, Vicar Apostolic of Nigeria, and Fathers Gosling, Lane and O'Dwyer.

29th. *Tuesday*. Free gitas. It looked a bit threatening, but nothing daunted, parties set out for Frascati, Monte Rotondo, Palazzola and Nemi. We ourselves hiked along the Appia Antica and fought a tearing gale as far as Fratocchie what time Monte Monte Cavo tried to depress us.

*Quando Cavo por' il cappello  
Lasc' il bastone e porta l'ombrello.*

The doggerel proved true for scarcely had we reached the comparative safety of a *castello* tram when Jupiter began to Pluvius and did so the rest of the day.

30th. *Wednesday*. The superiors are intent on giving us every compensation for our disappointment. Scarcely had we time to stretch our tired limbs of yesterday when we heard that we must be off to the Augusteo to hear "La Risurrezione". However a spanner became mixed up with the machinery of state hereabouts and we exchanged for a film in the evening—the White Hell of Pitz-Palu. Father Bakker from Australia dined with us.

31st. *Thursday*. A public gita to Orvieto, the *pièce de résistance* of the week. We thought at least to escape from Rome without incident—

but no. Hardly had we settled ourselves in the 3rd class *carrozza* reserved for our use when the Rector discovered that he was cut off from his outposts; a communication door would not open despite the efforts of our strongest men. The Rector seemed about to resort to prayer, the Vice-rector was already performing a rite placatory of railway officials, when suddenly Cherubini descended amongst us and to that harmony, celestial to the Latin ear, the chink of five-lire pieces, proceeded to make the College militant the College triumphant. Thereupon the *rapido* took to its wheels and away we sped towards Urbs Vetus - Monte Rotondo - Poggio Mirteto - Stimigliano - Orte - Attigliano - Orvieto. How that yellow Tiber played hide and seek with us! A few of the opulent elected to ascend by the *funicolare*, the rest of us including the superiors climbed into the magnificent old fortress through the various *porte* in its crenellated walls. A refreshing quaff of the far-famed *bianco* awaited us at the *della (già) Posta* and then we were unleashed for sight-seeing. Naturally we all made straight for the Duomo. Maitani's façade caused openmouthed amazement and after we had drunk in the beauties of sculpture and mosaic we gathered in the *Cappella del Corporale*, hoping against hope that we might be allowed to venerate the miraculous corporal from Bolsena. *Purtroppo*, our efforts were all in vain, even though we sang the Pange Lingua *al Flynnissimo*. So we went our various ways; some to lean over the battlements and conquer anew the dusty roads which lay below, white ribbons which stretched away to Montefiascone, Todi, Bolsena, Siena; others to visit the ever popular Pozzo di S. Patrizio and art-lovers to grub for treasure trove in little out-of-the-way *chiesette*. A delightful lunch was served up at the *Posta* and after it we availed ourselves of a piano and a somewhat tight squeeze of a room for fifty to hold an impromptu concert which went with a rare swing. We heard later that the *padrone* wanted to know were we "always like that". Five o'clock saw the dispersed tribes wending their way towards the station and by seven we were back at the Termini, the end of a perfect day and one which we may assure our generous Rector, will always be a pleasant memory not only to those who visited Orvieto for the first time but also to veterans in their third and fourth visit.

APRIL 1st. *Friday*. Today all roads led to Palazzola, where amidst the inevitable litter of the *costruzioni* we managed to put in a very enjoyable day. We waited on one another at dinner and had the pleasure of calling our fellow men "cameriere". Febo was delighted to see us, especially the man who brought him bones from Albano. The new buildings are making great progress and we were allowed to go over them, entering even the, as yet, but vaguely defined *clausura*, the future Elizabethine settlement at Palazzola.

3rd. *Sunday*. The Fiochi Procession in which the Rector carried the Blessed Sacrament. The whole ceremony was on a much larger scale

than usual. We set off from S. Lorenzo and began by following the entire route of the old procession down the Via Giulia and back to the Campo. We next crossed the Corso, traffic being suspended for over half an hour, and went down several side streets before crossing back to the Cancellaria. Fourteen chubby little angels with real feather wings toddled along patiently but towards the end must have found this world a very weary place. In the afternoon we sang First Vespers of the Annunciation—or rather monotoned them since there had been no time for practice.

4th. *Monday.* The Annunciation, with lectures as usual—this to the Philistines who had tried to convince us that the *docetur* was a mistake in the Calendar. To dinner Fathers Gudgeon, McReavy, Halsall, McNarney, Grant and Doyle.

5th. *Tuesday.* After dinner the Literary Society had a lively meeting for the election of new officers. "The dawn of the Catholic Revival" ended at supper today and we were just congratulating ourselves that the Catholic Committee had made their final bow when—

6th. *Wednesday,* up they popped again, as active as ever, in volume II. We are very sorry to hear that Bishop Cary Elwes of Northampton is still seriously ill.

7th. *Thursday.* The summer programme is in force now which means that we are out till 7.15 p.m. So as Pam trudgers put away breviaries and such like and wend their way home the sun is already set, lights twinkle along that very familiar little bit of Lungotevere and Father Tiber himself with his swirling yellow waters half hidden in shadow looks almost respectable.

9th. *Saturday.* While most of us were quietly closing our shutters at 2 p.m. today and preparing for blissful repose, a little band of heroes crept out to the University and took the free course exam in Pastoral Theology.

10th. *Sunday.* To dinner the Bishop of Galloway, Monsignor H. Forbes, Monsignor Clapperton, Monsignor Heard and Father Luke Kirby. This evening some of us went to the Augusteo to hear the violinist Adolph Busch

"Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
Loosen the notes in a silver shower."

11th. *Monday.* "Although there are no flowers, without which an English garden would be unworthy of the name, there are trees and at certain times of the year grass." This was true of our garden a few years ago, but the reproach has now been removed and we can point with honest pride to,

"Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day."

Gladioli spread their sword-like leaves and bright blooms, while intermingled with them are what the gardeners call Tritoma and Gigli di S. Antonio. Dahlias there were but they have been almost entirely eaten by ants.

The ugly patch near the Cappellar' wall where the tortoise used to run obstacle races with himself has now been cleared and in place of the cinders and rubbish there is now a flourishing colony of Margeurites and Trefoglie. We were puzzled for some time to find that somebody was rooting up our tender plants as soon as they appeared above the surface and sowing other seeds there instead. The culprit turned out to be Giuseppe and the seeds he was planting (he frankly admitted it) were beans,—in preparation for an orgy of pork and beans in the summer.

13th. *Wednesday*. Solemnity of St Joseph. About 2.30. this morning a large patch of plaster fell from the ceiling in the refectory demolishing the middle table and breaking a good deal of crockery. A collated history of the catastrophe appears under *Nova et Vetera* so here we merely give the chronological order of events. Many of us had no idea anything had happened at all till entering the refectory for breakfast we found a scene of desolation. Most of the débris in the middle had already been cleared but there were small lumps of plaster all over the floor and a cloud of powdered cement had settled everywhere. In the garden where derelict tables had been removed, the broken planks and solid bread boards neatly divided in twain testified to the weight of the plaster. The *muratore* came during the morning and said there was no immediate danger of any more falling. At dinner the occupants of the middle table sat at the sides. Bishop Vaughan and Dr E.J. Kelly were our guests and there was coffee and *rosolio* afterwards.

14th. *Thursday*. Another loose patch was knocked down by workmen to prevent any accidents. Simultaneously comes the cheering news from Palazzola that the new wing is getting on splendidly.

15th. *Friday*. As we sat in the refectory at dinner, waiting for more plaster to fall, we were thrilled by the story of how the Bruges Community disguised themselves and at dead of night crept down to the shore to hire a boat which would take them across the Channel. The bell rang just as provisions—ham and cognac—were being shipped aboard.

16th. *Saturday*. The tank has been newly whitewashed and calls irresistibly for the initial plunge, initial that is for ordinary mortals. The "unshrinkables" have for months past been descending each morning early to "cleave the clear waters".

17th. *Sunday*. Bishop Vaughan of Menevia and Dr E.J. Kelly were our guests at dinner.

18th. *Monday*. The April number of the VENERABILE appeared and as a counter attraction the socially-inclined gave us a musical evening. By vociferously applauding themselves at the end of each item they successfully routed that bogy of reverential silence.

20th. *Wednesday*. A new and brilliant light has been fixed on the notice board under the clock. Encouragement or reproof, which is it?

21st. *Thursday*. A national festa in honour of the *Natale di Roma* on which day the Romans gave themselves up to twenty-eight hours of

solemn celebrations. From dawn onwards flotillas of aeroplanes roared overhead and droned into the distance only to circle round again with the regularity of swifts in the Cortile. One citizen overcharged with zeal and fearful lest sluggards might sleep through the *fiesta* aroused the whole neighbourhood at 5 a.m. with a shattering reveille on his bugle. We ourselves celebrated the day by going to the Catacombs where the late Senior Student sang the traditional Mass of S. Cecilia. After Mass we arranged ourselves under the spreading palms for a photo. The air on the Appia was like nectar after Rome, and Palazzola nestled in a slight haze on the slopes of Cavo. There was rice-pudding for dinner.

22nd. *Friday*. Rome has made giant strides since the days when cabbies wore beards. The road sweepers appeared today clad in a neat, new, navy-blue uniform and peaked cap. This luxury will spoil them, say we, and nod disapprovingly, for we are essentially conservatives at heart and still favour trouser and string. A cargo of wood neatly planed and grooved arrived at the College today, to be fitted as book-cases for the Vice-rector's room.

23rd. *Saturday*. St George's. Roses red sweetened the air and it rained *all'inglese*. The refectory was decorated for dinner—a sumptuous meal with *antipasto* and all the usual delicacies that follow in its train. Our guests were, his Eminence the Cardinal Protector and Secretary, the Rector Magnificus of the Gregorian—Fr. Willaert S.J., Monsignor Heard, Father Mills and Mr Ogilvie Forbes. His Eminence had just attained the silver jubilee of his religious profession so the Rector congratulated him. The Cardinal thanked us in a delightfully informal speech. He began with a syllogism in Latin proving he was English if not by birth, “*saltem per affectum cordis*” and finished by inviting his Secretary to sing. His Secretary bashfully declined, to our regret, for we know he is one of the leading tenors in the Lateran Choir. His Eminence had to leave early. After his departure we sang “*O Roma nostris cordibus*” in honour of the Rector of the Gregorian and then feeling we had applied an irresistible *argumentum ad hominem*, called loudly for a speech. Father Willaert thanked us graciously and expressed the deep pleasure it gave him to come to the Venerabile. In the evening the last concert of the year was just as enjoyable as all the others.

Programme :

#### ST GEORGE'S CONCERT

will open gently and classically with—

1. Mr CAREY performing *Le Cygne* on his tender viola.  
He guarantees a good encore and then under pressure will yield to our gifted coloratura soprano,
2. Mr R. SMITH who will tell you the story of the Captain who played his Ukelele as the ship went down. But his encore is still

better. As the notes fade away on the summer night,  
we spring—

3. An Interlude upon you which for the moment we call "*The Escape of the Bruges Community*", and which includes such well known and talented mimes as

|   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| <i>The Captain</i> . . . . .                | Mr Dwyer                  |
| <i>Bill (a sailor)</i> . . . . .            | Mr Hodskinson.            |
| <i>Rev. Mother Letizia</i> . . . . .        | Mr Mullin.                |
| <i>Two Other Augustinianesses</i> . . . . . | Messrs Dawson and Abbing. |
| <i>First Mate</i> . . . . .                 | Mr Weldon.                |

After this—

4. The Vice-rector will restore your confidence in the Committee with a *Tone-poem* on the piano; so that you may be the better prepared to hear—
5. Mr. Park proving that he is sober by singing "*The Fish Sauce Shop*". Nothing daunted by the reception of the last interlude we tax your patience with—
6. A Fantasy entitled "*George of Cappadocia*" or "*The Fallen Angel*."

|                              |               |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>The Dragon</i> . . . . .  | Mr Jones.     |
| <i>The Horse</i> . . . . .   | Mr Purdy.     |
| <i>The Cherub</i> . . . . .  | Mr Murray.    |
| <i>Mgr Erskine</i> . . . . . | Mr Grace.     |
| <i>St George</i> . . . . .   | Mr Wroe.      |
| <i>The Maiden</i> . . . . .  | Mr Grady.     |
| <i>Giuseppe</i> . . . . .    | Mr Pritchard. |

And when the Committee considers that the last egg has been thrown—

7. Messrs Beevers and Cunningham will stage the grand patriotic finale "*Drake's Drum*" and the inimitable Mr Gallagher will assist with his fiddle.

All this will leave you in good condition to relish a farce from the Sketch Committee—or to use the sacred formula

8. The Committee present:

" QUOD "

Characters:

|                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| <i>Bill Jenks</i> . . . . .   | Mr Stone.   |
| <i>Boy</i> . . . . .          | Mr McNeill. |
| <i>Snippy</i> . . . . .       | Mr Luke.    |
| <i>A Butcher</i> . . . . .    | Mr Smith.   |
| <i>A Policeman</i> . . . . .  | Mr Roberts. |
| <i>Miss Ormerod</i> . . . . . | Mr Elcock.  |

24th. *Sunday*. Mr Beevers left us today to enter the Cistercian monastery at Iowa, U.S.A. Our numbers being thus depleted we were very indignant,

25th. *Monday*, to see one of our most promising *laureandi* in philosophy inscribed at the University as belonging to the Collegium Polonorum. The mistake was quickly rectified.

27th. *Wednesday*. Philosophers' *Menstrua* at which Mr Ekbery argued. We knew they were keeping the good wine till last.

28th. *Thursday*. A soccer match against the Banco di Santo Spirito resulted in a victory for us. The Editor feeling his way down to the *computisteria* tonight to post some letters appealing for contributions was startled by a sudden apparition in pink and black. Archbishop Mar Ivanios, with whose oriental dress we are now more or less familiar, had come to speak to the Literary Society.

30th. *Saturday*. Theologians' *Menstrua*: Mr Lynch argued.

MAY 1st. *Sunday*. May entered with a light burst of summer, just to prepare us for what is to come. Freshened by April showers and unparched as yet by the summer heat Pamfili is looking its loveliest. And what could be pleasanter than a gentle stroll up\*there on Sunday mornings after High Mass, past the Arco dei Quattro Venti and then down the slope on the left of the road to sit on that convenient bit of wall that overlooks Stag Valley? The pines wave gently and all the world is at peace. But not for long, alas, for the dogdays are approaching and exam fever will soon have us in its grip.

2nd. *Monday*. We had the College audience with the Pope. Dinner was early so that we could be at the Bronze Doors by 12-45. Mr McKenna was there to join us so our numbers were complete. The Rector had his private audience first and then the Pope entered and went round to each one. After we had kissed his ring, the Holy Father spoke to us from his Throne, stressing the importance of England in converting the world and hoping that her present financial crisis would soon be relieved and prosperity assured. We heard later that the Pope's words were reported on the English wireless. John McCormack, Count of the Papal Court, was in the Pope's retinue. To our sorrow we heard that Bishop Cary Elwes of Northampton died yesterday. The Padre Spirituale left us for his holiday in England. Monsignor Hallett, Rector of Wonersh is staying with us for a few days.

3rd. *Tuesday*. To dinner Archbishop Mar Ivanios, his secretary and Father Alfred C.P. During his talk to the Literary Society a few days ago his Grace had obviously wanted to throw off all formalities and converse freely with us. His wish was fulfilled today when he came to the common-room and entertained a fascinated circle. He talked about the condition of India, the conversion of the Jacobites, his recent Papal audience and how to his delight the Pope had called him a "good son"; how

when he went to England and saw the King (as he hoped to do) he would tell him that all at the Venerable were loyal Englishmen. He climbed on to a table and showed us how the Indians squatted for prayer and how when writing they use the knee for a block. The question of writing of course led to demands for a practical demonstration but his Grace seemed only too pleased to give us signatures in various strange letterings. After supper we saw that the Martyrs' Altar had been hung with scarlet and beautifully decorated for tomorrow's feast.

4th. *Wednesday*. The English Martyrs. The Rector sang High Mass. To dinner Monsignor Moss, Father Leaming S.J., and Father Moran S.M. During coffee and *rosolio* the Rector spoke about the English Martyrs and welcomed Monsignor Hallett who as Vice-Postulator has come out to further the cause of the two *Beati* John Fisher and Thomas More.

5th. *Thursday*. To dinner Fathers Baybutt, Nixon and Halsall. During coffee and *rosolio* we repeated for the guests a short interlude from the St George's concert. In the afternoon some of us went to St Patrick's where Count McCormack sang "Panis Angelicus" at Benediction. After supper Monsignor Hallett gave a lantern lecture on the two *Beati* John Fisher and Thomas More.

6th. *Friday*. After nine months in hospital Mr McKenna was at last declared fit to travel. He is still convalescing, of course, but we hope his native air will soon complete the cure. Dinner was early so that we could see him off, and we gathered in the cortile, gave him into the safe custody of the Rector who is himself taking him to England, and the taxi left to a salvo of cheers. A framework of scaffolding has been put up in the refectory for the repair of the fresco.

7th. *Saturday*. A blood-stained floor, a white-faced student swathed in bandages and supported by infirmarians to a waiting ambulance . . . This is not the effect of some foul crime but merely an accident that happened to one of our doctorate men. In running to his room along the Captain's bridge he failed to turn the corner properly and plunged his head and wrist through the window. He had to be kept in the Blue Nuns' a few days.

8th. *Sunday*. We should have had a film but the censors decided that it was not worth wasting time on. A card from the Rector at Fiesole reports that all's well.

9th. *Monday*. We began a new book in the refectory "In Search of England" by H.V. Morton. The fresco is being strengthened by the insertion of little pegs of cement, so that St George now looks as if he is hurling the dragon down through a milky way.

10th. *Tuesday*. To get to schools this morning we had to force our way through the students of the Roman Universities who were having a fascist rally in the Piazza dei SS. Apostoli. A telegram from England announces the safe arrival of both travellers in thanksgiving for which,

11th. *Wednesday*, the Vice-rector offered the Community Mass this



morning. We have abandoned "In Search of England" and are now reading "A Diplomat's Wife in Many Lands" by Mrs Hugh Fraser. Congratulations to the pastoral theologians who reaped the reward of their labours today. Their exam results were all favourable, many of them excellent.

12th. *Thursday*. The *alumni* of the Gregorian University had their audience. It was scheduled to begin at 12 noon so at 10-45 we had sandwiches and wine in the garden ("Panisperna in horto" to quote the senior student's notice). The audience was held in the Sala della Benedizione. The Pope was carried up the aisle in the *sedia gestatoria* and on arriving at his throne was presented with a copy of all the books the Gregorian have issued this year. He then spoke for twenty minutes, showing a keen pride and interest in the University—"La nostra Università" and the audience concluded with a series of "Acclamations" from the Schola Cantorum. The rapid exodus we had hoped to make at the end was frustrated by Father Lazzarini who shepherded us into the Cortile of S. Damaso for a photo.

13th. *Friday*. St Robert Bellarmine's feast was kept with special solemnity this year in honour of his being declared *Doctor Ecclesiae*. The whole University attended in cottas and birettas the High Mass in S. Ignazio.

14th. *Saturday*. Ushaw men in Rome have for years past been pining to reintroduce Cat on the Continent. Of late mysterious little pieces of skin have been arriving in letters to the acute anxiety we imagine of the Dogana officials. But the scheme has succeeded, real Cat balls (or are they hand-balls) have now been made and at present an improvised game half Cat, half rounders is winning popularity in Pam. Third Year Theology went into retreat at the Curia in preparation for the subdiaconate.

15th. *Sunday*. Whitsun. Monsignori Cicognani and Heard to dinner. A film called "Straight Shooting" that proved rather dull in the first five reels provided us in the sixth with a bout between the hero and the villain that warmed the cockles of the heart. Synchronisation on 24 inch records was tried at the beginning but either the records were badly worn or our machine unsuitable and the attempt was abandoned.

16th. *Monday*. Whitsun Gita and we took elaborate precautions against sunburn. A traditional party went to Fregene and still report well of it although the estate must be falling on bad times now and you have to pay a lira entrance fee. Others favoured Fiumicino and Bracciano but more than ever now that summer has come does Palazzola become the resort *par excellence* and wonderful tales were told tonight of dinners and teas which took so long to cook that they overlapped. To make the day as long as possible we had Benediction at 9-15 p.m.

17th. *Tuesday*. Going along to tea today we noticed the artist who is touching up the injured fresco emerging from the refectory with a

slightly self-conscious smile. On entering we guessed the cause. He has finished painting over the ugly patches on St George and is now starting on something worthy of his brush, namely the creation of an entirely new cherub to replace the old one which fell down. The inevitable curves are there already and we shall watch its evolution with interest.

18th. *Wednesday*. Thesis sheets were issued this morning.

21st. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Third Year Theology who were made subdeacons today. To dinner came Archbishop Redwood from New Zealand and the Very Rev. Father Moran S.M. We found it hard to believe that this active Archbishop is really ninety-four. "And they won't let me swim" he said indignantly! An American guest startled the superiors today when he asked if we were *all* Catholics: made them suspicious when he begged leave to retire to make up three days' Office; and soothed them later with cigars and funny stories.

22nd. *Trinity Sunday*. The Vice-rector celebrated the last High Mass of the year, at which Mr Duggan assisted as sub-deacon, and Herr Hönig from the German College as deacon. As our guest at dinner we entertained Monsignor Heffernan who is travelling from Zanzibar to Dublin where he will be consecrated bishop after the Congress. The very mention of Zanzibar still conjures up in many of us visions of black babies, H.M.S. Cupid, and a hundred other things already a few years old. So we hoped for news of the late Rector and like a true evangelist Monsignor brought us the best tidings of all, a direct assurance from Archbishop Hinsley himself that he will be at the Venerable within a year. The Vice-rector proposed the health of the bishop elect, and we sang "Ad multos annos" following it up with a rousing "For he's a jolly good fellow" for his Grace, a toast that all of us coupled with a fervent wish for his speedy return. *Festinet dies!*

23rd. *Monday*. Rome is planning a stupendous "Giorno dell'Ala" for Thursday and the racket of aeroplanes today made lecturing almost, —but not quite—impossible.

24th. *Tuesday*. The entrance of Italy into the war was celebrated with the customary processions and fireworks.

25th. *Wednesday*. Alas, the cherub which was nearing completion has been summarily wiped off the ceiling. Even to the uncritical there seemed a certain heaviness in the face and lack of vitality in the figure. The artist has bravely begun on a new and daintier babe.

26th. *Thursday*. Corpus Christi. The Eucharistic processions had been postponed till Sunday since the *Giorno dell'Ala* interfered with them but as events proved the air festivity had to be postponed too owing to rain. Father Murray (1914-1918) from Canada came into the common-room after supper and interested a vast circle.

29th. *Sunday*. We walked in procession at the Tor di Quinto where the nuns, with their traditional thoughtfulness provided us with a tremend-

ous English tea. Some of us in obedience to a special appeal from the Cardinal Vicar, sacrificed this and went to the Tor de' Specchi (the confusion of the two Tors bothered the new men) to find that nearly every College in Rome was there too. The crush was phenomenal!

30th. *Monday.* Aula Magna probably seemed just the place for a small white kitten to sleep the night before, but it had a rough awakening when it found itself in the middle of four hundred interfering moral theologians. One facetious wag placed it in the professor's box and a roar of delight and Transalpine clapping brought the Father Prefect bustling on to the scene. The kitten of course had scuttled off and when he demanded an explanation, those in the front row whispered "*Gattino*" which made matters worse.

31st. *Tuesday.* Definitions, syllogisms, adversaries and Fathers were left to worry out their own conclusions tonight for we heeded them not. We had Benediction and walk immediately after tea in the afternoon so that we could come straight home from schools and settle down to enjoy "Ben Hur". Even those who had seen it many times before enjoyed it again, as they tried to recognise the Campagna and Ostia in the setting of the film, and looked on the grandparents of the *carrozza* in that stirring chariot race.

JUNE 1st. *Wednesday.* *Invito Sacro* from which we learn that the Pope has ordered a special *Settimana di Mortificazione* throughout Europe to relieve the present financial and religious crisis.

2nd. *Thursday.* Laureate and Hebrew written exams, and a scramble for eggs and chocolate in the refectory at which the *non examinandi* sneered. For some days now there have been junketings to mark the Garibaldi golden jubilee. A new equestrian statue has been erected on the Gianicolo to represent his wife, Anita, seated on a rearing horse, her infant in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other. Today her ashes were brought with great pomp from Sardinia and placed beneath (or inside) the statue.

3rd. *Friday.* Feast of the Sacred Heart. We began our penitential week with the Holy Hour this evening.

4th. *Saturday.* The old plants in the lower corridor, despite the woodland sprites that dance round their pots, have been turning yellow in the close atmosphere. So we were pleased to see them give place to green tropical palms and ferns. Though really the heat is quite below the normal so far,

6th. *Monday,* and an outbreak of energetic pastimes in the common-room tonight showed how delightfully fresh we are still. The balcony is popular; a special light has been arranged for the gramophone, so there is no excuse now for the man who puts on five Wagners in succession. The old favourite records, have a little way of linking us back with the thesis-sheet of last year.

8th. *Wednesday*. To dinner Bishop Weld S.J., and Fathers McNarney and Halsall.

10th. *Friday*. Rumours of a general gita one Sunday to Palazzola had set our ears twitching weeks ago, and delighted we were to learn that it really will take place next Sunday. The Vice-rector sketched a plan of it tonight.

11th. *Saturday*. Strange for Italy, but we were praying hard for a fine day for tomorrow while two of the sisters went out to see about the dinner at Palazzola.

12th. *Sunday*. The morning was clear and warm. A special *castelli* tram had been reserved for us so after the customary gita breakfast we set off to the terminus in high fettle. We were all settled comfortably waiting for the tram to start when a man who had been viewing us with a prospective eye for some minutes climbed aboard. He proved to be a *sordomuto* and begged his way with profit through both *carrozze*. The tram was a *diretto* and an early hour found many of us at the Villa, sniffing delightedly round familiar corners we had not seen for a year, inspecting the new wing, enjoying the tank. On the Sforza one party of opportunists were playing cricket despite the haymaking all round. Dinner unannounced by any bell was at 12-30, well served by our own volunteers. Our guests were Monsignori Cicognani, Heard and Moss. After coffee and *rosolio* tea seemed to follow only too quickly but fortunately it consisted merely of strawberries and cream, an ideal selection. After tea there was a photo and then the time flew round to 6-30 when we had to depart, inexorable time which plunged us from the heights of Monte Cavo back to the depths of Monserrato. A grand day—*evviva il Vice!*

13th. *Monday*. We began Father Broderick's "Life of St Robert Bellarmine" in the refectory, while those who have been on foot to Montepulciano looked delightfully self-conscious.

14th. *Tuesday*. A notice from the University informs us that the exams will be speeded up this year to finish by July 15th. At the same time there is no mention of starting the new term early, so visions of an exceptionally long Villa begin to dance on the horizon.

15th. *Wednesday*. *Prosit* the Hebrew scholars: all passed, one *summa*.

16th. *Thursday*. Light summer rain that dried as it fell on the hot pavements; but we are grateful for it.

"The fevered brain  
Grows calm again  
And breathes a blessing on the rain."

17th. *Friday*. We offer our cordial congratulations to Monsignor Myers on his appointment as Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster. The Public Act for theologians,

18th. *Saturday*, and for philosophers.

20th. *Monday*. We finished the last lecture with a sigh of relief.

Our next visit to the Gregorian will be for a short but pregnant interview across the green baize tablecloth. For the Adhortatio in S. Ignazio, Father Filograssi preached a magnificent sermon on St Aloysius and the Eucharist. The Ripetitore departed for England, taking a fearful ice-axe with him, for defence presumably, against the Orange men in Liverpool.

21st. *Tuesday. S. Luigi.* The Rector returned to us today, being escorted from Orvieto by the Vice-rector and welcomed at the station by three of his boys.

22nd. *Wednesday.* The board of destiny is no longer a board (at least not this year) since even *Laureandi* are now examined at four little tables by single professors. Now in our day...!

24th. *Friday.* Five resilient youths gaily appalled with Ph.D. writ large on their smiling faces, left for England this morning.

26th. *Sunday.* Opening of the Dublin Congress meant a special Holy Hour for us this evening for the success of the Congress. A duet (or a duel) on the piano between the Rector and the Vice-rector was a signal success, in an otherwise somewhat tired common-room. The Rector won with his arpeggios.

27th. *Monday. Prospere procedat* Mr. Tootell, the first of the Doctors of Divinity to leave us.

29th. *Wednesday.* SS. Peter and Paul. To dinner came Monsignori Cicognani and Heard and Mr Ogilvie Forbes, who we regret to hear will be leaving Rome for Bagdad. Postcards are arriving from Lugano and the Rhine with enticing views of winding lakes and snow-capped mountains.

30th. *Thursday.* Goodbye, Mr McGee.

JULY 1st. *Friday.* Packing is a cheerful sound whether we still have work to do or not, for it is the first sign of the end, and we can almost forgive the man who nailed the top on a crate of books outside our room this morning.

2nd. *Saturday.* Mr Fay left us.

3rd. *Sunday.* *Ben tornato* to the Padre Spirituale who returned looking very fit and full of interesting talk about the Dublin Congress. We were shocked though to hear that at one of the meetings, Canons pushed into the Monsignori's pen.

5th. *Tuesday.* Students toying with the Fathers in the second library were surprised to see a stream of water coming through the ceiling straight on the Oriental section. The books were quickly removed to safety, and the tap turned off in the bathroom up above; for it transpired later that the Head Photographer, busy with prints and films, had forgotten the old adage: "A Running Tap floodeth the Bath".

6th. *Wednesday.* An advance guard under the Vice-rector went out to Palazzola to put the new rooms in order against our arrival.

7th. *Thursday*. The exam cloud is almost past and the results satisfactory. Of the doctorate six were successful in Theology and six in philosophy (two receiving *cum laude*). And tomorrow is the *finis laborum*, so what matters if we lie awake tonight while the hot breeze lingers at our window and then passes on elsewhere. Tomorrow we shall see the Appia gliding away, and shall climb past the Cappuccini to the matchless spot on the Albano path,

“Where richly by the blue lake’s silver beach  
The woods are bending with a silent reach.”

BERNARD GRADY.

# COLLEGE NOTES

## THE VENERABLE

We thank Mr Redmond very warmly for all the splendid work he has done as Secretary of the Magazine. Dull jobs, adding up accounts, sending out bills, finding advertisers, and harassing printers,—yet they always left him bright enough for enterprise, whether in the matter of production or finance, and fresh enough to undertake such additional work as the compilation of an Index or the writing of a Diary. Well (as we said of the Vice-rector but one) we will spare his blushes, but we are sure that his hard work and success will have been appreciated by all those who are kind enough to praise the “Venerable”. The gap he leaves in the Staff has been filled by Mr Foley, who becomes Fifth Member :

Editor: Mr PRITCHARD.

Secretary: Mr JOHNSTON.

Sub-editor: Mr GRADY.

Under-secretary: Mr NESBITT.

Fifth Member: Mr FOLEY.

## EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Baeda*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Trident*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*.

We gratefully received *The Pantonian*, *The Chesterian* from Messrs Chester, and *The Scrip* from the Catholic Association.

## UNIVERSITY NOTES

The 378th scholastic year of the Gregorian University opened with the usual ceremonies, but Father Vermeersch's inaugural address at the *Premiatio* was more eloquent and interesting than the run of premiation

speeches are. It was entitled *De Sociali Caritatis Remedio* and embodied the sociological teaching of the present Pope as found in his encyclicals. Father Lazzarini explained that the new constitution *Deus Scientiarum Dominus* was to be put in force this year to the best advantage of the new men and without infringing on the rights of the old: but he did not mention how. Naturally the triumphant note was struck in recording the recent proclamation of St Robert Bellarmine as Doctor of the Church—an old alumnus, professor and rector of our University.

When we had time to look round we found an immense new wing sprung up during the vacation and practically completed. It stands behind the main building and is connected with it at one end by the library, at the other by two intriguing little bridges. The new wing has seven storeys. The groundfloor is to be used as a garage for 'buses. In these days, enlightened and outlying colleges are finding it saves both time and nerve-tissue to keep a 'bus. (What Piazza di Spagna thinks today . . .!) So there is ample garage space in this very uptodate Gregorian. The top floor is to be used as an infirmary, the rest for lecture-halls and servants' rooms. St Joseph's statue stands in a niche on the outside wall overlooking the library cortile, and a lonely little cactus does duty for an aspidistra at his feet.

There are several changes to be noticed on the professorial staff. In the magisterial course, Father Vitti has arrived to teach Biblical Theology, Father Prümm the History of Religion; and Father De Ghellink is once more lecturing in Patristic Theology. To descend to our own less rarified plane—Father Bernard Leeming has made his blushful bow to second year theology with a course of lectures on the Sacraments. He took his Master's degree in 1929 so some of us knew him before. Father Principe (who once "supplied" for Father Vermeersch during the Chicago congress) is to teach moral theology for the second half of the year. During that period Father Vermeersch takes the new chair of the Philosophy of Law in the Canon Law Faculty. Rational psychology finds a new exponent and voluminous writer in Father Siwek. Father Gaetani who so gently dispensed to many a second year the milk of rational psychology and even more gently skimmed off the cream in the examinations has been obliged to exchange the professorial chair for that of the editor and the *Civiltà Cattolica* will henceforth gain what we lose. But he retains his connection with the university as lecturer in experimental psychology. Even first year has its own little novelty, were it not itself too novel to appreciate it: Father Simons now introduces them to Hebrew (without tears) and Father Parenti is able to devote all his time to the senior theologians. But the salient feature of the year is the enormous crop of Special Courses and Practical Exercises that has sprung up to meet the requirements of the *Deus Scientiarum Dominus*. For the future all doctors and licentiates will be required to do some specialized work in addition to the lengthened course, either



by following a special series of lectures (with an examination at the end) or by doing research work on some particular subject under the eye of a professor. The variety of lines provided for is generous enough to suit the most divergent tastes. It is to be remembered that there are now 1,703 *auditores*, spread over fifty different nations.

The proclamation of St Robert Bellarmine's doctorate was celebrated with due observance on December 1st at S. Ignazio. Father Van Laak preached a stirring Latin sermon at the Pontifical Mass and Cardinal Laurenti, after devotions at the shrine, gave solemn Benediction. The feast, on May 13th, was kept with even greater pomp. Cardinal Marchetti pontificated at high Mass from the throne in the presence of several archbishops and bishops, among whom Mar Ivanios contributed an extra splash of colour: the whole of the *scolaresca* was present in vestments or choir dress. The day before happens to be the feast of St Achilles, the Holy Father's *onomastico*. An audience was accorded to the whole university and its associated institutes, the Biblical and the Oriental—2000 students and 80 professors in all. The Holy Father left his apartments at half past twelve and received the rectors of the three branches with the Father General S.J., in the *Sala dei Paramenti*, and afterwards all the professors in the *Sala Ducale*. He then mounted the *sedia gestatoria* and passed up the *Aula della Benedizione* above the porch of St Peter's where we were all waiting. Near the throne on a table were 121 volumes produced by our professors in the last three years: the Pope spent some moments admiring them. After the singing of *Tu es Petrus*, Father Willaert, the Rector of the Gregorian read an address, congratulating the Holy Father on his feastday and thanking him for the honour recently done to St Robert. His Holiness made a moving reply, dwelling on the fact that he himself belonged to the Gregorian. Afterwards we were informed by Father General that his Holiness had said Mass that morning for the university. Felici made a valiant attempt to photograph us all at the end in the Cortile S. Damaso.

On March 18th, two memorial slabs were unveiled in the atrium of the university commemorating the benefactors who had helped to build the Nuova Sede. One of them is for benefactors of all nations, one specially for those of the Argentine, since they are in great part responsible for the new building. In Aula Magna another tablet is raised to the Argentine lady who defrayed the whole cost of that magnificent hall.

Space will not allow us to do justice to the output of books for this academic year, but we can at least mention the titles of some. Father Cappello has brought out the long expected second part of Vol. II of his *Tractatus Canonico-Moralis de Sacramentis iuxta Codicem Iuris Canonici*. It deals with Extreme Unction. He has also published a third edition of his *Summa Iuris Publici*, considerably enlarged and brought up to date with the Lateran Pact. The late Father Billot was, at the time of his death, correcting the proofs of the seventh edition of his *De Ecclesiae Sacra-*

*mentis*, Vol. I: it has since been published. The third edition of Father de la Taille's *Mysterium Fidei* contains an additional book of replies to critics. Father de Guibert has written a book for students of ascetics: *Documenta Ecclesiastica Christianae Perfectionis studium spectantia*. As every professor is now supposed to write a book or at least a supplement to some text-book to back up his course of lectures, there is a spate of publications *ad usum privatum auditorum*. The University is also publishing a *Collectio Textus et Documenta*, i.e. of theological and philosophical "sources" for the use of students taking the special lines of research required by the *Deus Scientiarum Dominus*. Father Tromp has collected passages from the Greek Fathers, *De Spiritu Sancto anima corporis Mystici*. Father Boyer has edited St Augustine's monograph *De Correctione et Gratia*, which the Saint himself signalled out as his best work on the grace of perseverance. Father Lennerz has made a collection (fuller than the *Collectio Lacensis!*) of all the documents of the Vatican Council referring to a Catholic's obligation of persevering in the Faith. For philosophers Father Hoenen has collected texts on The Origin of the Material Form, and Father Arnou finds traces of St Thomas's Five Ways in the philosophy of the Jews, Arabs and ancient Greeks.

Finally, a great effort is being made to improve the social amenities of the university. The *sodalitium* of old students, on whose *consiglio direttivo* our Rector holds an honourable place, is taking a new lease of life owing to the exertions of Father Restrepo minor. *Sint Unum*, its magazine has been considerably improved and gives a fair idea of each half year's activities at the Gregorian and as much news of old alumni as it can get. (It costs ten *lire* a year or 150 for life.) And, incredible though it seems, an afternoon tea-party takes place nowadays after *mens-truas*: which certainly did not happen in your day.

THOMAS DUGGAN

## THE LIBRARY

Those people who during the last four years have taken the trouble to read the Library notes must have grown weary of the constant references to a seemingly endless work of cataloguing. It will, perhaps, be some comfort to such long-suffering readers to know that we also have chafed at the delay, unavoidable though it has been; looking forward with eagerness to the time when the library fund could be spent on supplying the numerous new books we now so urgently need. It is then with no little satisfaction that we announce the completion of the work. Dr Reinthaler left us in March, and it is from the report which he has since sent in, that these few notes have been taken. They will naturally involve the repetition of records of his work that were given while he

was actually engaged in cataloguing the library; but with the work finished, a brief summary of Dr Reinthaler's own official report should afford a more exact idea of the whole scheme of his work than could be gained by mere reference to back numbers of the *VENERABLE*.

Dr Reinthaler began cataloguing in the June of 1927. His task was to compile an Author-catalogue of all the books, which in preparation for this had been previously arranged according to subject; but it soon became evident that if his work was to be of any permanent value, he would have to go beyond this narrow limit of labour. In the first place the Library was overcrowded—those of us especially who had a hand in carrying them away, still remember the books in the art section at the end of the third room. A more serious defect was that except in the first room the books were not numbered; for though books be arranged according to subject, and the bins and shelves be numbered and lettered, the finding of a book which has no number, may prove too wearisome even for the most ardent reader. The previous classification of the library according to subject had been done with praiseworthy thoroughness but the individual sections were in a less happy state: for instance, it was not uncommon to find the various volumes of a complete work separated from one another, and looking thoroughly dissatisfied with this unnatural division. Finally, the Oriental and Slav sections (to which in his report Dr Reinthaler pays a very high tribute), and the section containing dictionaries and other works of reference, required a total rearrangement.

After removing the Art section to the music room and the billiard room until new bins should be made, similar to the old, Dr Reinthaler began the cataloguing of Room III. It was then that he realised the crying need of a systematic numbering of the books, to be followed later by a compilation of a Number-catalogue, based on the Author-catalogue. The books were accordingly numbered, the Author-catalogue completed, and a Number-catalogue drawn up for each of the three rooms. The Author-catalogue follows the sheaf system: the sheaves are securely held between dark green covers with flaps, and bound at one end by tapes. For consultation this system is as good as any: but any librarian would, I think, prefer the card-index as being so much more convenient for the entering of new books. Each room is catalogued in this way. The second room required extra time and care: the English controversial works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a period abounding in pseudonyms, gave especial difficulty, and as I have already mentioned, the Oriental and Slav sections had to be sorted and rearranged. Where it seemed necessary or particularly useful Dr. Reinthaler added a Subject entry. Dictionaries and grammars are thus entered, and under the word Testament may be found every edition contained in our library of the Old and New Testament: a department in which, it will be remembered, the library is astoundingly rich: we have editions of the whole or part

of Sacred Scripture in no fewer than forty five different languages. The hagiographical and biographical sections were cross-indexed according to subject, thus we have a basis at least for the drawing up of a complete Subject-catalogue.

With this the substantial work was done; but it was decided to supplement it by making two lists: one of the more valuable books contained in the library (*Elencus librorum rarorum, pretiosorum, et præstantissimorum Ven. Coll. Anglor. de Urbe*), the other of books on the Index (*Elencus librorum prohibitorum*). The first is almost complete: a few books formerly kept in the Rector's room and including several gifts of Cardinal Pole have still to be added. The list of prohibited books has been made of the first and third rooms; but the second room will not delay us long. These books bear the distinction of a circular red stamp, symbol of that unenviable notoriety heterodoxy so often brings.

Before concluding this brief summary of Dr Reinthaler's report, I should like to pay a tribute to him and to his work. From the beginning he showed the keenest interest in the library, an interest which grew perceptibly as he became more familiar with his material. To us he was extremely courteous and was always ready to give information, or to facilitate the search for some obscure book; while to the librarians he was at all times helpful and obliging. He has now gone to a fresh task at Innsbruck, where we trust he will meet with the success his talents so highly merit!

For the rest I must necessarily be very brief. We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts made to the library during the past year: "Saint Joseph"—*Traité Théologique*, by His Eminence Cardinal Lépiciér: "Diatesseron" (*Traduzione di Monsignore A. Pierazzuoli*) by His Eminence Cardinal Lépiciér: both books the gifts of the author. "History of England" volume IV by Hilaire Belloc, the gift of Mother St. Clare of Ipswich. "The Resurrection of Rome" by G.K. Chesterton, presented by the Rev. Mother Superior General of the Holy Child. "Prédestination et Grâce Efficace" by Xavier-Marie Le Bachelet, S.J., the gift of Father Welsby S.J.

Other gifts were kindly made by the Rector, Monsignor Cicognani, Dr Shutt and the Editor of the Venerable. It is fitting that a word should be said here of the late Marchesa Ciccolini. Her gifts to the library were a yearly occurrence. Only this year she presented three of the latest Sheed and Ward publications; and many a man browsing in the library must have been struck by the frequency with which her name appears on the fly-leaves of books widely varying in character. She was truly a great benefactress to the library: *requiescat in pace!*

W. LENNON, *Librarian*

## 12. - SOCIETIES

### LITERARY SOCIETY

The year was a lean one as regards visitors, but few who visited Rome escaped the President's hands. The Society was thus supplied with a variety of topics and speakers which constitutes one of its most pleasing features, and Mr Dwyer had never to ask the zimarra-clad and smoke-exhaling members to "render their thanks in the usual way" for a paper on a subject already worn thin.

We opened the year with a quick dash to Russia, where in the company of Father Walsh S.J. we were persecuted by the Bolsheviks; where we intrigued our way into the Cieplak trial and narrowly escaped the hands of the Tcheka, (or was it the Ogpu?) and finally arrived back in Rome, before the Pope, breathless and thrilled.

Mr Wroe brought us back to grim life with an excellent paper on "Quadragesimo Anno".

His Grace, Archbishop Williams, was kind enough to take us all back to England, with a lecture on Mr Belloc's Fourth Volume, which book he had read on the way to Rome. The ease with which he recounted the main points of the work speaks much for his Grace's powers of concentration and the smooth running of the Rome express! He went on to compare the England of the Reformation with the England of today, a comparison which held our attention for it was at the time of the crisis.

Dr Wilson (then Vice-rector) filled our imaginations with vivid pictures of barrages, guns, and all the other paraphernalia of war. With him we struggled in the mud of Paschendaele, and advanced victoriously at Cambrai—only to be captured a week later in the German counter attack.

His Lordship the Bishop of Southwark gave us some inside information on the state of religion in Spain. We accompanied him on a diplomatic mission during the war and mixed freely with royalty and aristocracy of that unfortunate country.

Mr McReavy evidently thought that it was time to visit Russia again, and back we went to intrigue and rise with the Bolsheviks.

Mr Purdy, going one better, took us over most of Europe in the company of a delightful bigot, one Fynes Moryson, who made us quite forget that tomorrow was a Monday morning in the middle of the Easter term.

Colonel Stevens D.S.O. cleared up any fogginess hanging about our notions on the position and functions of Colonels, Majors and Captains, and gave us much information besides as to the construction of the Army and the life of a young officer. He concluded by holding out an alluring bait to those who would enrol themselves as army chaplains; and by Jove! we all but took it.

It wouldn't do to leave our colonies unsung, and so Father Austin Moore, Prior General O.S.M. rushed us out to Swaziland where we admired the work of the Servite missionaries, whose doings and those of certain lion-catchers, were illustrated by a film.

Mr Roberts rounded off the year with a defence of Richelieu's aims, a somewhat difficult task as was evident from the cross-fire of questions which the speaker had to withstand after the paper.

L. McREAVY, *Secretary*

## THE GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

All societies, at one time or another, meet with vicissitudes and periods of depression. The Debating Society is no exception. It would be untrue to say that last session had been as successful as some previous sessions have been, for there was a marked lack of enthusiasm in the house where the affairs of the Society were concerned. This was illustrated by the fact that only five meetings were held. However, under the circumstances it was impossible to have more debates.

With regard to the adjournment of debates; none of the meetings were carried on for a second night. This fact caused lively comment at the very enthusiastic business-meeting that closed the session, when the non-adjournment of debates was brought forward as a reason for the lack of interest in the meetings. An adjournment, it was argued, provided time for the members to prepare speeches and collect data after the leading speeches. This seems to be a good example of the old amusement of putting the cart before the horse: meetings are adjourned if they are interesting, not to make them interesting. What the discussion did bring to light was the fact that only a few people prepare any data before a debate. This prevents the meetings going with a good swing and causes a lull in the proceedings as soon as the leaders of the debate have finished their speeches.

These remarks must not be taken too literally. The debates were of quite a good standard and all were good entertainment: it was the lack of support that prevented the last session from being a very fine one. Mr Pritchard and Mr Nesbitt, the retiring President and Secretary deserve our hearty congratulations for carrying on so well during a very hard session. May a better season await the new President, Mr Grady and,

JOHN P. ABBING, *Secretary*

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

At the annual meeting of the Catholic Social Guild which closed the 1931-1932 session, Mr Tootell, the retiring secretary, was able to report considerable progress in the guild's activity. Membership had increased from twenty-six to thirty-nine, a number representing over half the College. The subject taken for detailed study was the Holy Father's encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*. During the course of the year it was found possible to hold fourteen meetings, attendance at which maintained a high standard throughout. Five papers on various questions arising out of the encyclical were prepared, but time allowed of only four being read.

Mr Tootell dealt with "The Church's condemnation of Socialism"; Mr Duggan explained "What the Pope means by 'Liberalism in the *Quadragesimo Anno*'"; Mr Leahy gave an account of "The Mediaeval Guild System"; and Mr Tootell addressed the guild for a second time, his theme on this occasion being, "The Worker's Remuneration".

It was decided at the business meeting that next year no specific text would be taken for study, but that members should read a series of papers on a number of relevant subjects to be chosen by themselves.

J.P. WROE, *Secretary*

## WISEMAN SOCIETY

Since in the past year only three papers were given, it would seem that interest in the society was flagging, or that its membership has been considerably reduced. Happily, neither is the reason. The number of members is at present the highest we have had, the majority of the late recruits coming from Philosophy; and it is to them we look to sustain and diversify the activities of the Wiseman.

Each of the three papers provoked a lively discussion, to which the informality of our procedure gave the required scope and freedom. When first making the rules of this society we agreed to keep the meetings as informal as possible: to do away with all introductory speeches, votes of thanks, and "all remarks must be addressed to the chair"; and to

sacrifice, if necessary, a certain amount of order to ensure a freer discussion. We are well aware that these methods are open to abuse—a discussion could develop into a fusillade of worthless and irrelevant remarks; but we have so far avoided these excesses, and have decided that the obvious advantages of this system, or lack of system are well worth any such danger.

A late start—the fault of the present scribe—left little time for meetings in a crowded scholastic year. When we closed the session at Easter, one paper was ready for reading, and another in preparation. If a suitable room can be had—the old library is now the seat of the Olympians—we intend to hold a meeting at Palazzola. A greater number than usual of non-members attended our meetings last year: “crescite et multiplicamini”!

The following are the titles of the three papers read during the last session:

|                                   |               |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| Hamlet . . . . .                  | Mr Pritchard. |
| Some Aspects of Nationalism . . . | Mr Rogers.    |
| Wagnerian Opera . . . . .         | Mr G. Malone. |

W. LENNON, *Secretary*

## ORCHESTRY

It was on the Sunday previous to Whit week that we closed our Roman season. The approaching exams and the ever-increasing temperature in the music-room were responsible for this. However, the Orchestra of the Augusteo, under Maestro Bernardo Molinari, had their last concert on the same afternoon; so we felt we were giving good example.

We began the year with nine musicians and were joined later by a flautist. We made an early essay at the classics and our first was the Symphony in D Major (the Clock) by Haydn. Later on we tried Mozart's 4th Symphony (The Jupiter) and worked through two movements of this. In addition there was the Concerto Grosso of Archangelo Corelli op. v. 1.8.—a relic of a former generation this, and favoured by one member only. As for the paeans of our predecessor. The Cadet's March (De Ville), all hoary and white with eld, and the American Eagle (Demaële), another favourite with the old “orch.” were resurrected. Last and not least came The March of the Gnomes (R.L. Smith) which the Vice-rector kindly brought with him from England. There were other items too, but one does not wish to weary. Enough has been quoted to show the enthusiasm of the members.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Vice-rector for giving us two pieces of his own composition; and of thanking also Mr McKenna for his generous response to our appeal for music stands.



At Palazzola the orchestra has recommenced activities. We have six new members, so that our numbers are now thirteen: conductor, three first violins, three seconds, two violas, two 'cellos, flute and piano. All of the spade work has been gone through again, and the management is watching hopefully.

T. LYNCH, *Musical Director*

## THE SCHOLA

Since it last appeared in these notes, the Schola has lived a full year, and has undoubtedly more than justified its existence. Very frequently indeed, the quality of its own work has reached the extraordinary standard of the first six months, and whatever shortcoming there was is easily explained by the awkward but necessary changes of 'personnel', when older members move onwards to their ordination. Yet apart from its own individual performances, the primary work of the Schola—to provide a stimulus towards the more perfect rendering of plainsong by the whole house—was splendidly upheld and supported by the House. Undoubtedly the improvement in the liturgical singing in our church functions is being successfully maintained. 'Bawling' is far less frequent nowadays, and there are occasions when the church's rendering of the Vesper psalms, for example, surpasses that of the Schola itself. And then we are happy. It means hard work and extra time, but nobody minds that, when some tangible improvement is seen (or heard) for the time spent and the work done.

R. FLYNN

## OUR BOOK SHELF

**Le Répertoire Africain**, by Father DUBOIS, S.J., Secretary of the Conference of Catholic Missions in Rome; published by the Sodality of St Peter Claver, Rome, 1932.

The study of the Missions is necessary if we are to lead Catholic people to take an intelligent interest in them and to support them by prayer and material help. Prayer for the spread of God's Kingdom on earth is the essential condition for membership of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. The Edinburgh Conference of Missionaries resolved that on prayer the success of work in the field depended: and that was a non-Catholic Conference. Then, there is a distressing inferiority of the budget of our Missions compared with that of the various protestant missionary societies. Many reasons are given to explain the unfavourable comparison. No reflection on Catholic generosity is intended. The real trouble, however, remains when all has been said. Statistics are stern facts, though they may lose much of their force when we know circumstances which they cannot convey. Yet the needs of Catholic Missions are not understood by the Catholic World as they ought to be. Our Holy Father Pius XI has again and again urged the necessity of enlightening the minds and informing the consciences of our people regarding the duty of active interest in the missions. He seeks to inspire in the Clergy and, through them, in the faithful a missionary mentality . . . . "The Church has the Divine Promises and must succeed." But does that dispense us in the least from doing our part, and from putting forth our energy? "The missionary can work wonders on little or nothing; God loves poverty and humility; the life of the missionary is essentially a life of sacrifice. The Religious Orders were made for that; they look after the missions." But are we not all members of One Body, who are bound to sympathize and work with the whole according to our position and the measure of our power? We can leave to Providence the providing of sacrifices and of scope for virtues in the missionary: they are there in plenty. Our petty parochialisms must not veil our eyes. The resources supplied to our missions are absolutely insufficient for the needs of those missions. They are below the level of what Catholic

generosity could secure, if only Catholics understood the needs, if they realized their duty of zeal for souls and of gratitude to God for what they themselves have received.

The study of missionary problems is for the missionary himself indispensable. In addition to general culture and philosophy and theology, he must understand the minds of his people, their country, their customs, their virtues and drawbacks, the obstacles and the aids to the victory of faith. Light and love come from understanding; mutual understanding among Brethren increases the brightness and warmth which are spread around.

These thoughts are put forth in a new handbook for missionaries in Africa, a manual of unique value which we may well call "The Mirror of the African Missionary". Its author, Father Henry Dubois S.J., is a veteran African missionary of twenty years active experience. Since his return to Europe, he has devoted himself to the study of problems which closely concern the spiritual and material well-being of the African. His opportunities have given him an intimate knowledge of facts and theories, of places and persons. He may be accounted one of the founders of the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, in the proceedings of which he has taken a leading part. To him is largely due the formation in Rome of the Conference of African Missionary Societies, of which he is the Secretary. The *Répertoire Africain* may be considered the official guide book of the Conference. It is impossible to give here more than a glance at the closely packed pages of this important work. The amount of information condensed into its 400 pages makes it almost an encyclopaedia of knowledge on Africa.

With the clear logical power of the Frenchman, Father Dubois discusses the questions involved in the complex situation of African mission work today. He urges that Africa is so vast and so various that general statements must be often modified according to local conditions. So various also are the views expressed in the large output of African literature in recent years that Father Dubois confesses he is forced to leave much to be completed and to be revised. "What treatment we measure out to our predecessors, our successors will measure again to us; they will point out our omissions and mistakes."

The triple object of the work is simply one of initiation, information, suggestion. For some of our missionaries who have the chance and the call to deeper study of African conditions, it provides an introduction to courses of reading and lines of research. To the pioneers working far away in the "bush" it affords a means, in spite of their isolation, of following thoughtfully and prayerfully that gigantic development in which the world about them and particularly Africa is being whirled along. The times are changing and we with them. Maybe this book will give the solitary missionary the power *voir, savoir, prévoir, pouvoir*, that so his efforts will have the maximum of force and of result: lost in his

daily round of work, he should seize time to lift up his head to consider what is going on all round him. In the rush of ever present tasks, the Répertoire will keep alive intellectual keenness, so needful, yet so hard in such seething activity, and may help also to closer organization of apostolic work bringing together various experiences. Such is the declared aim of the author. Father Dubois' practical conclusions are suggested rather than imposed, throughout there is a delicacy and an evenly balanced treatment. In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.

The first part of the Répertoire deals with Africa in general, its pre-history and its primitive peoples, the progressive discovery of the Continent, its kingdoms before the coming of Europe, the age of the great explorers, the political divisions, the structure and climate, the races and languages and cultures, African art and music.

The second part sketches the great colonial and missionary problems. The right to colonize is sanely considered. The keen debate between assimilation and adaptation prudently put on a basis of reality. Two chapters on the native mind, in its relation to the deluge of Westernism, by which it is being overwhelmed, and in reference to pedagogy, show how true is the remark of Father Martindale that our missionaries are better psychologists than most other people. Agricultural training is urgently advocated. Forced labour is a question delicately and firmly handled. The problem of languages in Africa, so difficult alike for the missionary and for the administrator, is calmly considered.

The third part of this Mirror of Missionaries is of most absorbing interest. It is a short treatise on missiology, in which much is wisely said about the preparation of the missionary for his future work, about the formation of a native clergy, about the necessity for training and directing catechists, those indispensable auxiliaries. If in every part of British Africa native priests and catechists were as numerous and as efficient as in Uganda, the hope of the future would be still brighter. The system of preparing converts for baptism, the length and method of the catechumenate, is a serious question, touching on the *opus operatum* and the *opus operantis* in the Sacraments, and is explained with all tactfulness. Only the authority of the Church can finally settle the point of Discipline involved. Special attention is devoted to the education question,—the desires of the Africans themselves, the new-born zeal of Governments, the feverish efforts of non-Catholic missionaries. The pronouncements of Our Holy Father are quoted to show the importance of mission schools. Care of African mothers and children are seen to be of urgent necessity.

In this third part, the scientific attainments of the African missionary are explained. All cannot be specialists, but everyone could choose some special line of research or of study. When the missionary does become a specialist,—and we have need of such for defence and for prestige,—he is the ideal savant, uniting in himself the results of exper-

ience and the guidance of theory. The Lateran Museum is "the glory of our missions"; Father Dubois takes us on a tour through the African Rooms, to give us an object lesson in missionary achievement. Father Schmid's ethnological work is particularly singled out. The prickly problem of nationalism,—the imported kind and the indigenous product,—is solved by a vigorous appeal to the principle of the Sovereign Pontiffs: "In the supranatural order, there does not exist for the Church,—so her Divine Founder has willed,—any distinction of races or of peoples." The Holy See declares its affection for each and for all, and its absolute supranationalism on the political side. The social question in Africa is more far-reaching, more complex and perhaps more urgent than elsewhere, because it concerns the remaking of a whole mass of people in frantic development. Much has been done in this direction by our missionaries, notably by Father Bernard Huss of Marianhill, to point out the dangers and difficulties of the present situation and to indicate the methods of social work for our African people.

The fourth part of Father Dubois' Handbook discusses the religious forces, which in Africa are fiercely contesting for the kingdom of souls: the schismatic Copts in Egypt and Abyssinia, Paganism, Islamism, Protestantism, Catholicism. Amidst these confused rivalries, the Catholic missionary goes on teaching like his Master "as one having authority", coherently and consistently. His voice alone proclaims the sane and saving message to the bewildered people. Humanly speaking, there are discouragements enough; yet there are also abundant consolations in the knowledge of the response of so many souls of lowly Africans to grace and to truth. There is evidence too of large movements towards the Church. Here we may find some little fault with Father Dubois because of the modesty of his statistics. There are later figures than those set down in the Répertoire. In East Africa alone there are more than a million, if we count baptized Catholics and catechumens.

The last part of this guide gives a valuable account of documents, or aids to missionary study. Special attention is drawn to the *Maximum Illud* of Benedict XV and to *Rerum Ecclesiae* of Pius XI, of which analyses are given. A sketch-map with key-list gives all the ecclesiastical divisions in Africa down to the end of 1931. A select bibliography concludes.

This book deserves the warmest recommendation. All interested in missionary work will find therein accurate information and a fund of enthusiastic zeal. The importance and the promise of the African Mission Field receive strong emphasis. As the new Missionary Atlas, published by the Fides Service,<sup>1</sup> declares: "Africa is the youngest of our missionary fields, and at present offers the most roseate prospects." The same authority points out that of the 300,000 converts in missionary

<sup>1</sup> Istituto Geografico De Agostini. Roma 1932.

lands during 1930, more than half of the number of new Catholics (159,180) were people of the once Dark Continent. A veteran missionary of 50 years experience in Africa roundly asserted to the present writer that if Africa had received the attention it deserved, the people would be Catholic today. May Father Dubois' book win for the long isolated and long suffering races all due attention and earnest prayers.

✠ A. HINSLEY

*Archbishop of Sardis*

## AN APPEAL FOR PALAZZOLA

I was walking in the heat of a sweltering July afternoon round the Alban Lake on my return journey from a birthday celebration with the Rector of the American College which spends its summer holiday at the Villa Santa Caterina. The Rector of Propaganda and I had come as far as the Propaganda Villa in the old-fashioned *carrozza* and he had taken me on a tour of inspection round his new buildings. This great missionary college is growing rapidly and must provide new rooms and a larger refectory for the students who come to study within its walls from all parts of the world. Well might Monsignor Dini, the Rector, as he sits in the new refectory and presides over his large family exclaim with St John: "Vidi turbam magnam ex omnibus gentibus." So he is engaged on providing another hundred rooms for the summer residence of his students. It is a happy sign of the progress of the Church and redounds to the glory of the Pope of the missions now happily reigning. Perhaps the Holy Father may come this way to visit his villa and also his Propaganda students. The strains of the "Marcia Papale" came from an open window across the drowsy summer air and the Rector told me they were preparing "se caso mai il Papa venisse." "And he would go also to Palazzola" he said, "probabilmente." "Magari" I replied. Many Popes have been to Palazzola and why should not the eleventh Pius make his way round the Alban lake and see his English sons in their beautiful summer retreat?

I took leave of the Rector and made my way round the side of the lake in the direction of Palazzola. 'Well' I reflected, 'if the Holy Father does come, we shall not be ashamed of our Palazzola church, dedicated to our Lady of the Snows, and now happily restored and cleaned and looking very charming in its new-found beauty.' In a few moments Palazzola came in sight below the summit of Monte Cavo. It stood white and massive in the brilliant sunshine across the deep blue of the lake. 'The Venerable English College,' I thought 'is dealing, in its lesser way, with the same problem as that which presents itself to Propaganda. And if you look across at Palazzola you will see signs that the problem is on the way to being solved. You can distinguish the old wing from the new. The building remains a monastery: and may it always preserve its ancient beauty! But the whiter patch, on the left of the church, tells you of the new rooms that had to be built in order to give breathing space to the present large number of students. Twenty-five new rooms since last summer! It is a goodly number and means much for our comfort. Then there is the new convent for the little community of Sisters who work so devotedly for our domestic needs. Their residence has been given a detachment which they appreciate, and now they can say their community prayers in the strict privacy of their own little chapel without danger of being disturbed by the family of the Custode or any intruder. They know what hard work is, these good Franciscan

sisters, and they live laborious days, passing from work to prayer and prayer to work always with the inspiring thought that their present vocation is to look after the students, whom God is preparing as His future priests to work for the conversion of England,—Inghilterra that lies somewhere in the far-off distance, across the “brutta Manica” of which they have heard tell, but which they feel no inclination to cross.

What remains then to be done at Palazzola? More rooms? Not just at present, but the old rooms must be restored, otherwise they will fall to ruin. Then there is the beautiful old cloister which is sadly in need of renovation. If the Holy Father paid us a visit, I think that as he passed from the cool clean church to the cloisters he might ask me when the work of restoration would be begun there. He might also look up at the dilapidated roof and the woodwork of the rooms, obviously not weather-proof, and ask me if the good generous Catholics of England might not be moved to help the Rector to provide his men with a summer residence worthy of the national college of the English in the centre of the Catholic world. This is undoubtedly the most pressing material need of the moment, and it is a need that must be met at once if a greater expense is to be avoided in the future. It is true that the times are bad, but, God is very good.

So my meditations continued as I strode along on that hot afternoon towards Palazzola. The sound of a bell came across the water. It is the end of siesta, and my men are gathering in the church of our Lady of the Snows. The title suggests cool refreshment, but it is truly very hot indeed. I come nearer to the old monastery that now does duty for the English villa. The sound of many voices breaks the summer stillness. They are the voices of young men whose country is Mary's dowry, saying her Rosary, and preparing day by day, by prayer and work, for the time when they may cross once more to England and strike a blow for the old faith, following in the footsteps of men who have knelt in the Venerabile before them, and whose names now shine gloriously in the calendar of God's Blessed. It is a grand privilege to work for the old College either by personal service or by bestowing on it some of the goods which God has placed at our disposal. I am at the end of my walk. “Una bella sudata” says Luigi the Custode, as I pass into the cool spaces of the cloister and on into the homely little refectory of the monastery, where I find the family, now fully awake after the effort of the Rosary, cheerfully sipping their tea. I accept with pleasure the cup that is handed to me, and in the depth of this refreshing draught my dream of Palazzola's future is interrupted by the pleasant realities of the present.

But I shall dream again, even though I miss my siesta through my dreamings. Palazzola shall be, with God's help, what it ought to be. There shall be a clean house in good repair. There shall be room. There shall be WATER too. And when his Holiness comes round the lake to see us he shall say to me: “I nostri cari figli inglesi stanno molto bene qui.”